THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIV. NO. 19. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1895.—FOURTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

FONTENOY.

Interesting Review of the 150th Anniversary of the World Famed Battle, Where Ireland, for Once, Got Even With England.

Details of the Great Conflict in Which Irish Prowess Played So Important a Part.

What Lally de Tollendal Said to His Men as He Led Them to the Fateful Charge.

BY A. L. MORRISON.

One hundred and fifty years ago today the standard of England was trailed in the bloody dust of defeat at ever glorious Fontenoy. In the days of the "F.B." and the "Irish Literary Association" we used to celebrate this anniversary in Chicago, and in imitation of that honorable custom I desire to do my share to perpetuate the memory of the intrepid souls who in Ireland's deepest gloom crossed the ocean to meet and conquer the English tyrant. For nearly three years the badly armed, badly clad and badly generaled, Irish levies of the worthless James II. kept the field against the best general in Europe, William III, followed by the veteran legions of the League of Augsburg, composed of Danish, Swedish, Dutch and German regiments, reinforced by French Huguenots and English and Irish levies. From the first battle to the last it was a struggle against destiny, the wonder being how the war lasted so long and so honorably against such desperate odds. However, it terminated at Limerick, when, after a brilliant defense, the Irish garrison under Sarsfield, "the bravest of the brave," capitulated and marched out with drums beating, colors flying and all the honors of war. Despising the offers made them to enter the English service, these invincible heroes, amounting with other garrisons to 19,059 men, with their general sailed from home and friends for ever, and joined the army of France. Early in 1690 three other regiments, led by Justin MacCarthy, Earl of Mountcashel, landed in France and distinguished themselves in Savoy before the arrival of their comrades from Limerick.

Thus began that famous military emigration which has no parallel in history. In his "England in the Eighteenth Century," Lecky says, "The 14,000 men who surrendered at Limerick, and who passed at once into the French service, formed a nucleus and the Irish who fought under the white flag may be reckoned by tens of thousands. Spain had for a long time five Irish regiments in her service, and as late as 1760 we find one in the service of Naples. The Austrian army was crowded with Irish soldiers and officers, and there was scarcely a siege or battle between the Revolution and the peace of Aix La Chapelle in which Irish troops did not take part. At Fontenoy they formed a large part of the column whose final charge broke the English ranks. When Cremona was surprised by Eugene, the Irish troops first arrested the progress of the Imperialists, and to their stubborn resistance the salvation of the town was mainly due. When the Germans had surprised the Spaniards at Melazzo, Sicily, the Irish troops in the Spanish service turned the scale of victory in their favor. In the great battle of Almanza the Irish troops of Berwick and O'Mahony contributed their full share to the victory." Commenting on this

DEFEAT OF ENGLAND AND HER ALLIES,

O'Callaghan writes quoting from an English contemporary: "This was the most fatal blow that ever the English received during the whole war in Spain." They left on the field more than 3,000 dead or mortally wounded, and nearly 10,000 were made prisoners of whom about 800 were officers, including 6 major-generals, 6 brigadiers and 20 colonels; the British officers alone killed, wounded, or taken prisoners being acknowledged as 374. All the allied cannon were captured, with 120 standards and other very large booty." The Irish troops were placed in the line opposite to the English, "they received the enemy's fire at thirty paces, but without returning it rushed on until their muskets almost touched the breasts of their ancient enemies and then blazed into them, charged them with fixed bayonets, and threw them into such disorder that they gave way, without being able to rally; and as in flying before the Irish, the English battalions were obliged to pass a ravine, a great carnage of them took place." Lecky continues, "Sarsfield having taken pert in the glories of Stimkisk closed his heroic career in the arms of victory at Landen."

Irish troops fought at Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. They were with Vendome at Luzzara Cassano, Friedlingen and Spires, and in the campaign of Berwick in Flanders and Spain. It is in these quarters that the real history of the Irish Catholics during the first half of the eighteenth century is to be traced. At home they sank into torpid and degraded pariahs. Abroad there was hardly a Catholic country where Irish exiles or their children might not be found in posts of honor and dignity. Lord Clare became a French marshal; Browne, who was one of the very ablest Austrian generals, and who took a leading part in the beginning of the Seven Years War, was the son of Irish parents; and Maguire, Lacy, Nugent and O'Donnell were all prominent generals in the Austrian service during the same war. Another Browne, a cousin of the Austrian commander, was field marshal and governor of Riga in the Russian service; Peter Lacy, who also became a Russian field marshal, and who earned the reputation of being one of the first soldiers of his time, was of Irish birth. He enlisted as a mere boy in the army of James, left Ireland at the time of the Treaty of Limerick, was compelled to quit the French army on the reduction of the forces which followed the Peace of Ryswick, and having entered the service vice of Russia took a leading part in organizing the army of Peter the Great, and served with brilliant distinction for half a century in every Russian campaign, against the Swedes, the Poles, and the Turks. He sprang from an Irish family, which had the rare fortune of counting generals in Austria, Spain and Russia. Of the Dillons more than one obtained high rank in the French army, and one became Archbishop of Toulouse. The brave and impetuous Lally, of Tollendal, who served with such distinction at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and who for a time threatened the English power in Hindostan, was the son of a Galway gentleman and member of an old Milesian family. Among Spanish generals the names of O'Mahony, O'Donnell, O'Gara, O'Reilly and O'Neil sufficiently attest their nationality. Cammock, an Irish Jacobite, was conspicuous among the admirals of Alberonia. MacGeoghegan, the historian, was a chaplain of the Irish Brigade. The physicians of John Sobieski, King of Poland, and of Philip V of Spain, were both Irish. Tyrconnell was French ambassador at Berlin; Wall, before he became minister of Spain, had represented that country at London; Lacy was Spanish ambassador at Stockholm, and O'Mahony at Vienna. These examples might easily be increased, but they are quite sufficient to show how large a proportion of the energy and ability of Ireland was employed in foreign lands, and how ruinous must have been the consequences at home." Careful estimates taken from the archives of the French war department show that

NEARLY HALF A MILLION IRISHMEN

(480,000) served in France from 1690 to 1790. Thus much by way of preface, and to give your readers, who may be unacquainted with the history of the Irish brigades in the service of France a slight idea of what every Irishmen ought to know by heart. Fifty years had gone by since the signing and violation of the Treaty of Limerick, and probably not one veteran of the Jacobite war remained; almost all had died in battle fighting "the foes of England's foe."

Still their places were filled by "The Wild Geese," of whom Davis, the poet laureate of the Irish Brigade, says: "The recruiting of the Brigade was carried on in the French ships which smuggled brandies, wines, silks, etc., to the western and southern coasts. Their return cargoes were recruits for the Brigade, and were entered on their books as "Wild Geese." Hence this became the common name in Ireland for the Irish serving in the Brigade." Louis XV sat on the throne of France and George II wore the crown of the luckless exiled Stuarts. In March, 1744, war was declared between France and England. Nothing of importance was attempted during this year, but the giants were girding their loins for the coming year, and before the ice had melted on the rivers winter quarters were broken and the Netherlands, "the old cockpit of Europe," trembled beneath the measured tread of the combatants hurrying to battle. The allied forces, under the Duke of Cumberland, "the butcher of Glencoe," consisted of 21,000 British, 22,000 Dutch, 8,000 Hanoverians, and 2,000 Austrians, which, with other reinforcements, mustered about 56,000 of "the finest troops in Europe, and all their corps complete." The French army numbered 64,000 men, but 18,000 of these were "actively engaged in besieging the very strongly-fortified and numerously-garrisoned Dutch barrier-town of Tournay," and 6,000 more were employed in guarding the bridges of the Scheldt, leaving 40,000 free for field operations. In this latter force were the Irish regiments of Clare, Dillon, Bulkeley, Roth, Berwick and Lally, and the cavalry regiment of Fitzjames which served with the cavalry of the army and consequently had no part in the action with the infantry of the Brigade, which was commanded on

THE EVER MEMORABLE ELEVENTH OF MAY

by Charles O'Brien, earl of Thomond, lieutenant-general and subsequently marshal of France. When we add that he was a lineal descendant of Brian of Clontarf it will be conceded that such a leader was well worthy of such a cause. Cumberland determined on a bold stroke to initiate the compaign; this was no less a maneuvre than to raise the siege of Tournay. To accomplish this he was able to rally under his immediate command his entire force of 56,000 men. To block the way and give battle Marshal Saxe, the French commander, could only bring into action 40,000 men of all arms. Of course he had the choice of position, and to a shrewd and skilful general, as he undoubtedly was, this was a great advantage, and he availed himself of it to the utmost. Along the north bank of the Scheldt, near the village of Fontenoy and right in the path of the British advance on Tournay, is a gently rising ground extending for some distance along the river bank, and here was one of the bridges before mentioned. Standing on this slope and looking north one could see the entire scene of conflict. Directly in front stands Fontenoy, a short distance from the Bois de Barry (De Barry's wood), which stretches away to the right, and near which can be seen the village of Ramecroix. On the left, and near the river, are "the lines of San Antoine." Far away to the right and outside of the immediate theatre of action is the Forest of Fontenoy, between which and the French position stretches a wide space of open country. The slope above mentioned descends gently almost to Fontenoy, when it rises again off to the north. This was the meeting place of the Irish Brigade and the English column. Such in brief was the position chosen by Saxe and immortalized by Ireland's military exiles. Near the centre of the slope stood Saxe's headquarters looking north and immediately in front of the river. To an uneducated eye this looks like a dangerous position, as the broad sluggish Scheldt flowed in his rear, and but a short distance from his nearest battalions. In the event of a disaster, which almost overtook him, there was one narrow bridge as his only line of retreat, and the Scheldt would be the grave of thousands of his men. However, such as it was, he proceeded to strengthen his lines, which formed an irregular semi-circle with the right firmly posted on the river.

THE EVER VIGILANT LALLY.

Beginning at that point a strong redoubt was thrown up on the south bank of the river, whose object was to batter the left flank of any advance in that direction. Several other redoubts extended from there to Fontenoy, and thence to the nearest part of De Barry's wood. To protect the right flank powerful abattis were erected. In the redoubts 110 pieces of artillery were placed in such skillful positions as to form converging fires, through which it seems impossible that any living thing could pass. Notwithstanding all his precautions Saxe overlooked one point which was left unfortified. This was discovered by the heroic Lally, whose biographer gives the following account of the incident: "The evening before the battle, Le (Lally) having been desirous of inspecting with his own eyes the field of conflict, which was about to be the theatre of such a great action, discovered a way from Antoine to Fontenoy which had been falsely considered impracticable, and by which the French army would be infallibly turned." Lally promptly advised General Saxe of his important discovery; "this way was secured by three redoubts and sixteen cannon, to which beyond dispute the success of the battle was due," as the commander himself afterwards acknowledged. Well it was indeed for the French that the ever vigilant Lally was on the alert, for it was at the very point thus discovered and protected that the first attack was made the next morning. It is said that there is a weak link in every chain, and in spite of all Saxe's skill and care there was yet a weak point left unguarded. "Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy," very near the French centre, a wide, open gap remained. Saxe, believing that no commander could be found daring enough to venture an attack there, as it was enfiladed by the fire of contiguous batteries; but it was just there that the English column made its almost victorious charge. Had one more redoubt been planted there that column would have been repulsed, but England in her defeat would have been spared the humiliation of seeing the elite of her army

CUT TO PIECES BY THE SOLDIERS AND CHIEFS OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

Inside of the redoubts the French army was massed in deep columns, amid which in the rear of the centre (in reserve) stood the eight squadrons of Fitzjames' horse, with the gallant cavaliers of France. On the left centre, near the point of De Barry's wood, was the camp of the infantry of our Brigade. Almost simultaneously with the completion of the French entrenchments the Allies arrived in sight hastily conforming their line to that of the French; a short artillery duel ensued, but as the sun set silence prevailed; soon night cast her mantle of darkness over the hostile camps, and but for the smoldering campfires and the qui vive of the vigilant sentinels, it would be hard to believe that 100,000 men were lying like lions couchant on mother earth. No doubt on that night, the last on earth for 2,000 men of the Irish Brigade, many a vision of home cheered the war-worn veterans; they were happy boys again in the emerald vales and by the crystal streams of dear old Ireland. They stood beside the loving, saintly mothers or knelt at their knees, which were now weary with kneeling at God's altars praying for their soldier boys, or they had grown to early manhood, and in the pleasant gloaming wandered hand in hand with sweet, soft-eyed colleens, pouring impassioned vows of love into willing ears, and then having kissed their last "good night" slowly walked homeward brooding gloomily over their country's wrongs and inwardly resolving to strike a blow for liberty or revenge, some time or some place, it mattered not when or where. Or

The wind is fair and the vessel rides
Like a bounding deer o'er the swelling tides,
And they strain their eyes for another view
Ere they bid the dear home their last adieu.
They gaze once more at their native hills,
The sombre vales, and the warbling rills;
Oh God! what tears to their hot eyes swell
As they bid the old land their last farewell.

And mingled with that last farewell arise prayers for the precious ones they can never see on earth again, and bitter curses on the English hell-hounds who have made their Eden a wilderness.

THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE.

But hark! what thrilling sounds are those which anticipate the sun's earliest beams. The hoarse trumpet, "the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife," and the warlike bugle banish the dreams of night quick as lightning-flashes. A

[CONTINUED ON THE FIFTH PAGE.]

TWO GREAT PAINTINGS.

"The Flight of Cain and His Family" and the "Capture of Abdul Kader's Camp."

As Seen in the Great Galleries at Versailles and Paris—Vernet's Revenge.

[*For The Citizen.*]

There are two paintings in France that are probably the two greatest works of art of their kind in the world. These are the "Flight of Cain and his Family" in the Gallery of the Luxembourg, Paris, and the capture of "Abdul Kader's Camp;" the latter is to be seen in Versailles. The first of these pictures was painted only a few years ago; its author is F. Cormont. Horace Vernet was the author of the latter. Until "The Flight of Cain" made its appearance, Vernet's picture of the taking of Abdul Kader's camp was supposed to be the greatest in France; but it is now generally conceded that "The Flight of Cain" is the greatest painting that has been produced in France in modern times; some think that it is the greatest in the world.

"The Flight of Cain" is founded on a verse in Genesis, iv. xvi, "And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden." The figures in this picture are life size, and counting men, women and children, they number thirteen. "The Flight of Cain" is not a picture that "every-day" people would be enchanted with. To appreciate it fully, one would require to possess some of the poetic genius of the man who composed it. It is absolutely revolting at first sight; for primitive man, the cave man, is there portrayed in all his grim and horrible barbarism. Whether the author of this wonderful, but at first sight horrible looking picture, was right in making Cain, his children, and grandchildren, such absolute savages, must be determined by some one versed in paleontology; but never did painter draw more freely on his imagination for his conception of primitive man than did the author of this wondrous picture, for the short verse quoted from Genesis gave him the only data that history furnishes. Not a vestege of any woven material is to be seen on any figure in the picture. The scanty clothing of all are skins of beasts. Cain leads the way; his sons follow, and an old woman, hideous with age and wrinkles, and some naked children are carried on a rude carriage of skins, stretched between poles which are borne by four stalwart savages. Same of the male figures in the rear bear the carcasses of gory, newly slaughtered deer, and lumps of raw meat are stowed away in the skin carriage in which the old woman and the children sit. The men seem sorely wearied by a long journey, and it is with evident difficulty that the four gigantic, almost naked, savages bear the poles that support the skin-carriage of the feeble hag and the naked children.

The fearfully realistic nature of the picture shocks the most callous observer, and shows primeval man in all his coarseness and brutality. Every muscle in the limbs of the travelers stands out in almost disgusting distinctness. The country through which the wearied group of wayfarers pass, is as horrible in its desolation as they are hideous in their barbarism. The arid, herbless earth beneath them, the sun-scorched mountains around them, the fiery sky above them, lurid with heat, are as horrible as the frowning, unkempt savage beings whose naked feet seem blistered by the burning sands of the desert over which they march. But in all this exact and painfully true portrayal of savage men, desert earth and fiery sky, there is one scene of such supreme beauty that a single glance at it makes one forget all the horribleness and terribleness revealed by the rest of the picture. This is the figure of a young girl of almost more than earthly loveliness, just budding into womanhood. Her father is carrying her in his great, sinewy arms, while her white, rounded ones are twined feebly about his neck. She is evidently sick, and he gazes down on her upturned face and closed eyes with a look of such tenderness and love as makes his savage features beautiful as those of an angel. The author of this picture must be not only a great artist, but a great poet; none but a poet could have thought of relieving the general horribleness of the savages portrayed in the picture by the addition of such a scene of tenderness and beauty. To those who love art, the "Flight of Cain" alone ought to be enough to make them visit Paris; for if not the most beautiful it may be said to be the most wonderful picture in the world. In it the skill of the artist and the genius of the poet are more potent than perhaps in any other picture ever painted.

The "Capture of Abdul Kader's Camp" is the chief pictorial attraction in the Versailles gallery. It is not only a very large picture, one of the largest in France, but a very great one also. The scene represents the seizure of the effects of the brave Arab chieftain who so long and so nobly defended his country against the French. The figures in it are life size, and are portrayed with wonderful skill. But the chief interest in this picture arises from a quarrel between its author, Horace Vernet, and Isaac Rothschild, who died many years ago. He engaged Vernet to paint his portrait, life size. The artist took great pains with the work, for it was a picture of one of the firm of the richest bankers in the world. Rothschild, unluckily for himself, made no bargain with Vernet as to the price of the picture, and was so vexed at the sum that Vernet asked for it, that he refused point blank to pay it. Vernet waited some time, and then sent in his bill again; but Rothschild would only give him about half the amount demanded. Then Vernet determined to do something heroic. He wrote to Rothschild, asking him to come to his atalier and take his picture. Rothschild went, thinking, of course that Vernet would try and agree with him about the price. As soon as the banker entered, Vernet demanded in a gruff voice, if he was willing to give the price demanded for the picture. Rothschild said he would not. Vernet then whipped a jack-knife out of his pocket, and ripped the picture into shreds. Then turning to the astonished Hebrew, he ordered him to "quit the building."

But Vernet determined to have revenge. He had just commenced the painting of the capture of Abdul Kader's camp when he had the row with Rothschild. The salient figure in it is a man with a handkerchief bound around his head, and a money-bag in each hand, making a desperate rush to escape through the cordon of French soldiers that surrounded the camp. The man trying to escape with the money-bags is Isaac Rothschild! Never were face and figure more exactly portrayed. It is Isaac Rothschild to the life. It is said that for years after the painting was put on exhibition, the crowds that used to go to see it were so enormous that one would sometimes have to wait for hours before being able to get into the gallery where it was to be seen. The wrath of Rothschild may be easily imagined. He was insane enough to take an action against Vernet, but of course failed to get damages. It is believed that the chagrin and anger of Rothschild over the matter helped to shorten his life.

The contrast between the paintings in any of the picture galleries in Paris, and those in the National Gallery, London, is absolutely startling. Whatever John Bull's other handicrafts may be, and however he may excel in them, he is not an artist. To one like myself, who had just come from Paris, with its miles of picture galleries, in every one of which some gem of art is to be seen, a walk through London's greatest picture gallery was something like going from the loveliness of Killarney into the bleakness of a bog. There is absolutely not a painting in the London National Gallery that is not a daub compared with scores of paintings to be seen in Paris and Versailles. And yet there are, it would be hard to say how many, thousands of Englishmen who maintain that English paintings are as fine as any to be seen in France! The egotism of the general mass of the English people is simply disgusting. It is one of the great leading English national sins, and is one of those that has tended to make Britons hated by almost every nation in the world.

T. O. R.

IRISH NATIONAL HYMN.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

Oh silent One enthroned above,
Extend Thy father hand
To bless and guard from every ill
Our own, our native land.
From burning lips, from ardent hearts,
Fron tears and martyrs' sighs,
From millions exiled from their homes,
This prayer doth ever rise—
God save old Ireland!
And guard her weal.
God save our motherland
From every ill.

From famine's blight and war's alarms,
Guard thou our country well.
Let valleys rich in golden grain
Of Thy protection tell.
Oh, save those sacred hills and groves
From foreign despot's chain.
Let Freedom's light forever o'er
Our native island reign.
God save old Ireland!
And guard her weal.
God save our motherland
From every ill.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The famous play "Francesca da Rimini," which the associated dramatic stars, Frederick Warde and Louis James, with their accomplished company, are giving at the Schiller theatre, keeps that house crowded. Not since the days when Lawrence Barrett played Lanciotto in "Francesca," a favorite part with him, this season magnificently sustained by Frederick Warde, has there been such a splendid production of this celebrated romantic drama as at the Schiller. It is presented with a superb cast; Frederick Warde as Lanciotto, Louis James as Beppo Pepe, the jester, a character that versatile actor played with such signal ability in the original Barrett cast that his representation of it at once became one of the notable characters of the American stage, Miss Edythe Chapman, as the beautiful and unfortunate Francesca, and the accomplished leading man, Guy Lindsley, as the passionate and impetuous lover, Count Paolo. Such a cast, in one of the greatest of the standard romantic dramas, has not been seen in Chicago or upon the stage anywhere for many a day.

The boom for "Little Robinson Crusoe," the new musical burlesque, the summer attraction at the Schiller, is now making things active at that house. Manager Prior has just received from Harry B. Smith, the librettist, the first act and stage business. The piece contains an eccentric and amusing character for Eddie Foy, the star of the organization, it is entitled Dare-devil Willie, an amateur pirate, who, in this comical story of Robinson Crusoe, up-to-date, will exploit himself at a fashionable eastern summer resort. The whole idea is extremely funny. "Little Robinson Crusoe" will be splendidly put upon the stage with special scenery, handsome costumes, spectacular effects and specialty acts and people.

Closing Scenes of the War.

In the latter part of the month of March, 1865, Washington saw many signs of collapse of the rebellion. The Confederate army appeared to be badly demoralized, and deserters, who arrived constantly in large numbers, reported that men from Alabama, Georgia, Florida and the Carolinas could not be expected to have any heart in a fight which then seemed only for the defense of Virginia, while their own states were overrun by the armies of the Union. During the month of March more than 3,000 deserters were received at Washington, and great numbers were quartered at Fort Monroe, Annapolis and other points nearer the lines, where they were put to work in the quartermaster's department or in the naval service.

One curiosity of the times was a Confederate regimental band which had deserted in a body with its instruments, and was allowed to march through the streets of the national capital playing Union airs. This was one of the oddest signs of the final break-up. People recalled a story, told by Hooker, that when the Union army scaled and occupied Lookout Mountain, a rebel sentry on duty on the crest of one of the most difficult precipices saw our men pile up in solid masses over steeps which had been thought inaccessible, and was so surprised that he forgot to run, but stood with feet rooted to the spot, watching the Union force climbing up, and streaming past him, and driving the enemy far to the rear, until he was left alone, a statue of amazement. Recovering himself at last he threw down his musket, stripped off his rebel-gray jacket, stood on them both, and, looking far off to the sunny South, stretched out as a map below him, said, "How are you, Southern Confederacy?"

But notwithstanding such indications of a collapse of the rebellion, at this very time many Northern Union newspapers, led by Horace Greeley and others of his stamp, were demanding that appeals should be made to the Southern people "to stop the flow of blood and the waste of treasure," and that some message should be sent to the Southerners "so terse that it will surely be circulated, and so lucid that it cannot be misconstrued or perverted," by way of an invitation to cease fighting. Curiously enough, the nearer the time came for a final surrender, the more fervid was the demand for negotiation and appeal from the unreasonable radicals in the ranks of Northern Unionists. But all this was soon to end; and while a small party was asking, "Why not negotiate?" the downfall came.—*Noah Brooks in the Century for May.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

What the Papers Say.

The Michigan Central provides the best possible service that could be expected between the East and West.—*Christian Leader*, Boston.

"Comfort in Travel," has nowhere reached a higher degree of perfection than on this far and justly famed road.—*Christian Herald*, Detroit.

The Michigan Central is one of the best managed and most satisfactory railroads in the world to travel by.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

"Comfort in Travel" is a phrase that among experienced travelers has come to be almost synonymous with "Michigan Central."—*Democrat and Chronicle.*

Safe, luxurious and fast running over a peerless track, amid the grandest scenery, the Michigan Central trains make comfort in travel a delightful reality.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

"Comfort in Travel," that want of all tourist and commercial birds of passage, is invariably filled on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route."—*Evening Wisconsin.*

As for the promise of "Comfort in Travel" by this road, as well as the speed and safety realized, the many thousands who pass over it will surely testify that it is kept to the letter.—*The Standard*, Chicago.

City Passenger and Ticket Office, 119 Adams Street, Chicago.

Picnic Grounds.

The best picnic grounds near Chicago are located on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. St. Paul Park, Turner Park and Birchwood are all within twelve miles of Union Depot or Kinzie Street Depot, with low rates and quick transit. For further information call on or address H. E. Laing, City Passenger Agent, 95 Adams street.

DEADLY TORNADO.

Region Near Sioux Center, Ia., Terribly Devastated.

FRIGHTFUL LOSS OF HUMAN LIFE.

School Houses Wrecked and Two Teachers Killed—Numbers of the Pupils Dead and Wounded—All One Family Wiped Out but the Husband and Father—Meagre but Terrible Details.

CHICAGO, May 4.—A telegram from Sioux City says a cyclone is reported at Sioux Center, Ia., forty-four miles north, and that fifty-two persons have been killed. The report has not been confirmed, but dispatches from Lemars and Lyons, Ia., Lodi, Manitowoc and Neillsville, Wis., tell of furious storms and several fatalities. Nellie Marsden, teacher at the school house four miles north of Ireton, Ia., was killed and the school house wrecked.

Some Details of the Horror.

OMAHA, May 4.—A special to The Bee from Sioux City says: Dispatches were received here by the Sioux City and Northern Railroad company from their agent at Sioux Centre, forty-five miles north of here, telling of a terrible cyclone near there in which a number of people were killed and injured and much property destroyed. The wires where the storm was were blown down and telegraph reports are consequently very meagre.

Teachers and Children Killed.

The first dispatch received by the Northern road said that the cyclone passed three miles northeast of there at 3:50 p. m. A school house near the town was destroyed, the teachers and a number of the children killed and injured. Have not yet been able to learn the exact number or names. The whole country in the path of the storm was devastated. The Sioux City and Northern tracks between Perkins and Doon are washed out for several miles.

Reports His Whole Family Killed.

Dispatches from Sioux Center at 3:30 p. m. say three school houses and at least twenty residences and barns were swept away. At the school houses two teachers and three children were killed and many injured. Two women were found dead not far from the point where one of the school buildings stood. One man who arrived in Sioux Center late in the evening reported that his house was blown away and his family killed.

Says the Dead Reach Hundreds.

He reports that at least 200 or 300 people must have been killed. Parties have been sent out from Hull, Sioux Center, and Orange City, neighboring towns, but their work is being carried on in total darkness in the midst of a tremendous rain and wind storm. A number of bodies have already been recovered, although the exact number cannot be learned.

It is said that Perkins, a small town between Sioux Centre and Doon, was directly in the path of the storm and was almost entirely wiped out. The wires leading to it are all down.

DEATH ROLL SO FAR AS KNOWN.

Definite Reports of the Storm and Details of the Destruction.

LATER.—Definite reports are beginning to come in as to the path followed by the cyclone. The storm originated about a mile and a half southwest of Sioux Center. It moved from there in a northeasterly direction and passed directly through Perkins, a small town six miles north of Sioux Center. After passing Perkins nothing was heard of any damage.

Late last evening, however, news was received from Sibley to the effect that a storm struck there about 6 p. m., destroying the house of John Watterson, killing Mrs. Watterson and injuring Watterson and his son. The Sioux City and Northern train which arrived at 10 o'clock last evening brought in several passengers who witnessed the storm.

They reported that thirteen dead bodies had been brought into Sioux Center at 6 o'clock. They estimated that fifty people must have been killed. The northern train barely escaped a smash up near Doon, but was stopped by section men before it passed upon the dangerous territory.

A List of Thirty-One Dead.

Everett Arnold, of Creston, aged 18, killed by lightning; Mrs. Herman Bellkamp, of Sibley, killed by lightning; Miss Nellie Coombs, of Sibley, killed by lightning; two Coombs children, struck by lightning; L. D. Everett, of Sioux Center; eight children still missing from the Haggie school house, thought to have been killed; Matilda Haggie, of Ireton, killed by falling debris; Jacob Jansen, of Sioux Center; Mrs. John Koster, of Sioux Center; two Koster children of above; Miss Anna Marsden, of Sioux Center, a school teacher; George Marsden, of Sioux Center, a school teacher; Mrs. C. B. Ost, of Ireton; Mrs. Postma, of Sioux Center; Miss Anna Post, of Ireton; Peter Stimmes, of Superland, killed by lightning; Rodolph Schwerdtfeger, of Laurens, killed by lightning; —— Verhof, a child, of Sioux Center; Louis Verhof, of Sioux Center; Mrs. John Watterman, of Sibley; Mrs. Warle and babe, of Ireton.

Two Score People Injured.

The injured are: M. Blackmore, of Sibley; Nathan Blackman, of Ireton, Miss Minnie Coombs, of Ireton, bruised; will recover; Miss Jennie Coombs, badly bruised about head and face, will probably recover; Miss Luella Coombs, seriously injured; Devoort, four girls, of Ireton, bones fractured and internal injuries; Peter Devoort, face and arms cut and bruised; Albert Devoort, hurt internally; John Freys, of Sibley, badly injured; Miss Haggie, of Sioux Center, badly injured; John Haggie, internal injuries, badly hurt; Herman Haggie, leg broken; Lewis Haggie, face bruised and internally injured; William Haggie, shoulder dislocated; George Hulstein, aged 5 years, of Sioux Center; John Jansen, of Sioux Center, arm broken; Miss Nellie Koster, of Sioux Center, badly hurt; Miss Agnes Koster, face bruised; Miss Mildred Koster, internal injuries; two Meeks children, of Hawarden; three McConless children, of Ireton; A. M. Perry, of Hawarden, face cut and bruised; Mrs. Rosburg, head and arms cut; Miss Ida Rosburg, injured internally; Thomas Rosburg, aged 15, slightly hurt; Daniel Rosburg, bruised slightly; Lewis Rossbury, of Sibley, shoulder dislocated; John Rossbury, of Sibley, badly bruised; two Sherman children, of Sioux Center; Alice Smith, aged 9 years, of Sibley, bruised; James Smith, aged 11 years.

PEACE IS IN SIGHT.

The Trouble Between Great Britain and Nicaragua About Over.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—The state department has received a telegram from Ambassador Bayard at London, stating that Great Britain has accepted the guarantee made by Salvador of the payment of the indemnity by Nicaragua in London with its a fortnight, and that so soon as Nicaragua confirms and so informs the British admiral, the admiral is instructed to leave Corinto.

The above official statement given out at the state department may be regarded as chronicling the passage of the acute phase of the difficulty between Great Britain and Nicaragua. It cannot be doubted that Nicaragua will promptly confirm the arrangement, and the British fleet will leave Corinto as soon as notice of the action of the British foreign office can be communicated to Admiral Stephenson, which by the way might be sooner had not the Nicaraguans purposely interrupted the communication by cable directly between the foreign office and the admiral.

The guarantee by Salvador of Nicaragua's indebtedness, it is said, is simply repayment of the favor extended to Salvador by Nicaragua at the time of the Ezeta incident, when Dr. Guzman, the Nicaraguan minister at Washington, took up the case of Salvador by instructions of his own government and worked so hard to secure the extradition of the refugee to Salvador. In addition to this consideration, based on gratitude, the Salvadorians are supposed to be influenced in espousing the Nicaraguan cause by a feeling of apprehension at the presence of British troops on Central American soil.

Although it may be safely assumed that the acute phase of the Nicaraguan incident has passed—supposing that there should be no hostile collision before the formal orders have reached the commanders on each side—there are yet some matters to be adjusted before the incident can be regarded as entirely closed. After the settlement of the "smart money" claim on account of the treatment of Hatch, a commission must be selected and proceed to adjudicate the claim of other British subjects, not officials, who were expelled from Bluefields at the time of the outbreak last summer.

If damages are assessed against Nicaragua in these cases there will be some grumbling, but it is not likely to lead to serious trouble. The "smart money," it should be remembered, is for mistreatment of a British official. The Nicaraguans claim that Hatch was never really an official, but the British—without contradiction so far—assert that though Hatch never had an exequator he was acknowledged in his official capacity by the Nicaraguan government, which communicated officially through him to England. And because that in mistreating him Nicaragua insulted the British government, owing to Hatch's official position, England refused to arbitrate in his case.

MANAGUA, May 6.—The city of Corinto was evacuated by British troops yesterday morning, and the Nicaraguan flag now flies in its accustomed place in the port.

MANAGUA, Nicaragua, May 6.—Nicaragua has authorised Senor Chrisante Medina, the Salvadorian minister at London and Paris, acting Nicaraguan minister in London, to accept the modified ultimatum of Great Britain. This modified ultimatum, it is understood here, was secured by the influence and through the intercession of the United States. Senor Medina is also authorized by the government of Nicaragua to pay the £15,500 in London, under protest, within five days after the departure of the British squadron from Corinto. It is understood here that the other items in the original ultimatum of Great Britain will all be settled by arbitration.

TURNEY DECLARED GOVERNOR.

Contest in Tennessee Won by the Democrats in the Legislature.

NASHVILLE, May 4.—The joint convention of the legislature decided at 12 o'clock last night that Peter Turney had received a majority of legal votes cast at the November election and was duly elected governor of Tennessee. The day was spent in discussion which lasted until 12 o'clock last night, when a vote was taken which resulted as above stated.

A battery of artillery boomed forth the news to the sleeping city and enthusiasm prevailed. The attendance at the capitol was great and the enthusiasm was most marked. The Turney majority on joint ballot was thirteen.

All Quiet in West Virginia.

WHEELING, May 7.—It is now believed that there will be no need for state troops in the Norfolk and Western coal strike, although the entire national guard has been under orders for two days. United States Marshal Garden has received word from Deputy Harman, who is on the ground, that all is serene and that no outbreak is apprehended. Adjutant General Holly is on the ground, but no word has been received from him, which is regarded as a good omen. Business on the Norfolk and Western is practically dead as far as freight is concerned. One local freight passes the mining district a day, and that is usually laden with provisions for the strikers. No coal is being shipped from Pocahontas.

Death Strikes in Wisconsin.

MANITOWOC, May 4.—A great storm passed over the village of Kellnerville, and John Anderla, 14 years old, who was yet in bed, was killed by a bolt of lightning. At Neillsville, Mrs. Joseph Sutherland, of the town of York, retired to the cellar, and no sooner was she there than lightning struck the house, stunned her husband and killed her. At Lodi, a bolt of lightning killed Joseph Chlup and his team.

Five Killed by a Powder Explosion.

SOUTH ACTON, Mass., May 4.—The powder mills of the American Powder company blew up, killing Charles O'Neill, JR., Nelson Morton, Fred. K. Winslow, Charles Estes, and A. Estes. Three buildings were destroyed.

Illinois Man for House Clerk.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—From a canvass which has been made of the Republican members of the house it is claimed that ex-Congressman Henderson, of Illinois, will have the caucus nomination for clerk of the house.

Japan Relinquishes Chinese Real Estate.

YOKOHAMA, May 7.—The Japanese government has unconditionally relinquished all claim to the Liao Tung peninsula in accordance with the request made by Russia, France and Germany.

EXPECTED HAPPENS IN NICARAGUA.

Revolution Breaks Out in About the Worst Quarter That Was Possible.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—Dr. Guzman, the Nicaraguan minister, had not when last seen been advised of the reported revolution in Nicaragua. He had expected that the sailing of the British fleet would have a quieting effect on public sentiment. This expectation was strengthened when word came that Vice-Admiral Stephenson fired a salute to the Nicaraguan flag when it was again hoisted over Corinto. This courtesy was regarded as doing much to heal the wounds made by the incident. Dr. Guzman's last official cable said simply "Ships sailed." In other quarters the fact that the revolution is along the east shore is regarded as significant. This is the Mosquito region, in which British influence has long been dominant, and which has recently been created a state under the name of Zelaya.

It has been apprehended by Central American diplomats that if the Mosquito natives made trouble it would afford opportunity for further British intervention. One of the best posted diplomats from that section says he considers it inevitable that the Mosquito natives will rebel and attempt to restore Chief Clarence to the throne. This would be a denial of Nicaragua's sovereignty over the new state of Zelaya, and in the judgment of this diplomat Great Britain would support Clarence.

Death Roll Likely to Reach Sixteen.

WICHITA, Kas., May 5.—A special to The Eagle says: The cyclone which passed through the western part of Harvey county killed twelve persons, as follows: Four members of the Schmidt family—father, mother, son and daughter; Mrs. Joseph Wear and three of her children; Miss Cora Neff, Farmer Bachman, William Armstrong and Grandma A. Chapin. Among the injured are: Joseph Wear and child, dying; the widow Frye, internally injured, recovery doubtful; Mrs. James Cummings, seriously; J. R. Frizzel; Jake Salinski, injured on the head, unconscious; Mrs. William Armstrong; William Morris, seriously; Cyrus Henson, fatally.

The line of devastation is nearly twenty-five miles long, and there was at least one farm house to each mile, all of which were demolished or nearly so. A complete list of the places totally destroyed by the cyclone is: George H. Keener, Mrs Gus Frye, Mike Spalinski, John Wedling, Joseph Wear, Mark Chapin, William Armstrong, Bert Frizzel, Cyrus Hinkson, J. Bart, H. Hammey, A. F. Pawnell, Mrs. Coates, Spicer Roy, Andrew Thompson, M. S. Hege, and C. Bachman.

Drowned or Frozen to Death.

PORT TOWNSEND, Wash., May 4.—News has been received from Koktiak Island, Alaska, by the steamer Alki, that the steamer George R. White, of Seattle, was wrecked in a gale on April 14. Seventeen of the crew were either drowned or frozen to death. Eight reached shore and still survive. The schooner Kodiak was also wrecked in the same gale near the same place, but no lives were lost. The schooner George R. White cleared from this port on July 24, 1893, for a year's cruise in the North Pacific ocean and Behring sea.

Nellie Grant Sartoris to Marry.

CHICAGO, May 5.—Nellie Grant Sartoris and General Kyd Douglass of Maryland are to be married within a few days. The engagement has been kept a profound secret and is known only to a very few of the intimate friends of the principals in this city and Washington. It is expected the wedding will take place almost any day and that General and Mrs. Douglass will immediately sail for Europe. Mrs. Sartoris was in Chicago a few days ago with her mother, Mrs. Grant. General Douglass was a confederate soldier and is now the adjutant general of the state of Maryland.

Deadly Lightning at Work.

GREEN BAY, Wis., May 6.—At Seymour lightning struck the house of John Kitchenmeister, killing Kitchenmeister and seriously injuring his wife.

LANCASTER, Ills., May 6.—James Ashford and George Rhodes, of Downing, Mo., were killed by lightning.

CHICAGO, May 6.—During a heavy rainstorm lightning struck a party of field laborers at East Prairie, near Niles Centre. Herman Spandikow was instantly killed and his 16-year-old son badly hurt.

Hotel Clerk Found Murdered.

PITTSBURG, May 7.—Isaac Jope, night clerk at the First Avenue hotel, was found murdered in the basement of the hotel. He had been beaten on the head with an iron bar, and though still alive when found, he died soon after. He carried the money of the hotel in his pockets, and this was no doubt the object of the crime, as he was robbed and left dying on the floor. Five arrests have been made and others will follow, though there is little evidence upon which to work.

Lost a Million Dollars by Fire.

BRADFORD, Pa., May 7.—The losses from a fire at Glen Hazel will mount up to an enormous sum. They include a large sawmill owned by D. S. Dolliver, of Ridgeway; lumber yard owned by Elias Deemer, of Williamsport, together with 10,000,000 feet of lumber. Insurance is understood to cover about half the loss. The loss of lumber, coal and freight revenue will not fall short of $1,000,000.

Halma Wins the Kentucky Derby.

LOUISVILLE, May 7.—The Derby was won by Halma in a romp. Passing the stand the first time the horses were in a bunch under a strong pull. When they reached the stretch Perkins gave Halma his head, and from there until they passed under the wire it was a procession, Halma winning easily by four lengths; Basso, second, and Laureate, third. Time, 2:37¼.

THE DEATH RECORD.

Captain JOHN BROWN, JR., son of John Brown of Harper's Ferry fame, at Put-in-Bay, O.

Major N. A. ADAMS, well known Kansas pioneer, at Manhattan, Kan.

LOREN DAY, prominent citizen of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Captain THOMAS DOBBS, extensive vessel owner, at Oswego, N. Y.

Lady KIMBERLY, wife of Earl of Kimberly, at London.

JOHN MOCKLER, an old settler of Elgin, Ills.

Judge HARVEY HUSTON, formerly a prominent citizen of Monticello, Illis., at Chicago.

JOHN WHISTER, vice president of the First National bank of Wabash, Ind.

JAMES KELLY, one of the founders of the Chicago Tribune, at Chicago.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF HAPPENINGS OF NOTE.

Work of the State Lawmakers at Springfield—Bills and Resolutions Introduced, Etc.—Other State Items of General Interest to Our Readers.

SPRINGFIELD, May 2.—The unique spectacle of a citizen on trial for contempt before the state senate for refusing to talk about his private affairs to legislators was presented in the capitol by Frank H. Cooper, vice president of Siegel, Cooper & Co. of Chicago, appearing before the bar of the senate to explain why he declined to answer the questions put to him by Senator Salomon's department store investigating committee. Cooper refused to reply to questions that he considered his private business. The expectation is that he will not be held. Nothing else was done in the senate. In the house senate bills regulating street railways were passed as was a bill to establish a western insane hospital. A resolution for sine die adjournment May 24 was recommitted.

SPRINGFIELD, May 3.—The house engaged in a bitter fight, that took up all the morning over, adjournment. The Evans resolution for adjournment today was amended by the committee to read May 28. It was defeated, the country members being largely against it. They think June 15 early enough to adjourn. The matter was postponed for a week. The legislature has been in session four months. The house did little other business. In the senate a resolution was presented declaring that Frank H. Cooper, of Chicago, had purged himself of contempt and that he be excused from answering the disputed questions. It will probably pass. House amendments to the "L" railway bill were concurred in. Bills were passed for statues to Marquette and Elijah P. Lovejoy. A bill was introduced making it a penal offense to make such claims as those made by Schweinfurth and others.

SPRINGFIELD, May 4.—The senate and house have adjourned until Monday evening. The only bill passed in the senate was one to prevent the spread of swine diseases. A number of bills were advanced to third reading. The house advanced the drainage bill to third reading without opposition. A resolution was adopted appointing the speaker, Lieut. Gov. Gill, and C. C. Brown, a committee to arrange for the formal transfer of the Lincoln monument to the state.

SPRINGFIELD, May 7.—There was no quorum in the senate. The senate advanced several bills on the calendar and adjourned. About sixty members were present in the house. A number of petitions favoring the passage of Merriam's "anti-Catholic" bill were presented. All the house bills on the order of first reading were advanced to second and the house adjourned.

CYCLONE IN ILLINOIS.

Four Persons Killed and a Store Building Blown Down.

AURORA, May 6.—The village of St. Charles was visited by a cyclone which passed through the town with fatal results. The old stone postoffice building on the east side of Main street, occupied by Mrs. Church as a millinery store, was blown down and Mrs. Church was killed. Two young ladies had apartments in the building and one of them who is missing is supposed to be in the ruins; the other, Miss Augusta Anderson, was killed. The falling walls caught and killed a passing horse, and the driver was seriously injured.

Two other men were struck by flying timbers and were quite badly hurt. Several other persons about town received injuries more or less serious. A man named Luther Canstin had one leg and an arm broken. Andrew Johnson, of Elgin, had his back broken. The killed are: Mrs. Hattie E. Church, Miss Augusta Anderson, Charles Johnson and Joseph Thompson, all of St. Charles.

JACKSONVILLE, May 6.—This section was treated to a storm which amounted almost to a cyclone. Rain and hail fell in torrents and the wind blew a hurricane, doing great damage. Two men were driving under some trees when one fell on them and crushed the vehicle to atoms, injuring the occupants. Buildings were unroofed and much property destroyed.

PEORIA, Ills., May 6.—A wind and hail storm, the severest in recent years, swept over the city, doing many thousand dollars' worth of damage. Hail an inch and a half in diameter fell.

Pension Suspended.

ROCKFORD, Ills., May 6.—Rollin D. Fowler of this city has received notice of the suspension of his disability pension. He fought in thirteen important battles, was a prisoner in Libby and Belle Isle, and has been a life-long Democrat. He was appointed internal revenue collector for the Ninth Indiana district by President Andrew Johnson.

Death of a Prominent Veteran.

QUINCY, Ills., May 7.—Colonel William W. Berry, past department commander through the war of the Louisville Legion, which gave birth to the Army of the Cumberland, died suddenly of apoplexy at his home here. He was born in Maryland fifty-eight years ago.

Richest Woman in Quincy Dead.

QUINCY, Ills., May 7.—Mrs. Sarah M. Modfett, the richest woman in Quincy, is dead, aged 70 years. She leaves an estate of nearly a million dollars.

Notes of the State.

J. T. Callahan, who was editor of the Alton (Ills.) Free Lance before its conversion into the Alton Morning Advance has brought action against Editor C. R. Brinton, JR., of the latter paper for criminal libel. The article charged Callahan with irregularities in the execution of a chattel mortgage.

Michael Pitts, a saloonkeer of Nashville, Ills., who fatally kicked a man while ejecting him from his saloon, has been held responsible by a coroner's jury.

The large general store of William Wiesmand, at Diana, Ills., has been closed by the sheriff on eleven judgments. Liabilities are $6,500; assets, $8,000.

Mrs. Mary J. Colvin committed suicide at Hornet, Ills., by drowning herself in the Salt Fork river.

Two engines were wrecked but no lives lost in a head-end collision of freight trains at Albia, Ills.

Clarence Hough of Sandwich, Ills., was killed by being kicked over the dashboard by the horse he was driving.

BATTLE WITH TRAIN BANDITS.

One of the Thugs Fatally Murders a Man, The Other Fatally Shot.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., May 3.—Two men fatally shot and one seriously injured is the result of a frustrated attempt to rob a Burlington train coming into this city. For some days past a gang of tough characters have been hanging around St. George, a suburb, and information was brought to the Burlington officials that the Omaha express was to be held up. William Haag, a hotel man, furnished the information, and the officers sent guards who frustrated the design.

Late last evening while Richard Rau, an employe of Haag, was sitting in the bar of Haag's place, Thomas Farral, one of the gang, stepped inside the door, while his partner, who gives the name of Dan Howard, watched on the outside. Farral stepped up to Rau, and without a word shot him through the stomach, inflicting a fatal wound. As Farral ran out the door he called to his partner: "I have shot the wrong man," realizing that he had failed to get the man who had given the information.

Several citizens started in pursuit of the two men, who ran out on the railroad tracks toward the Kansas bridge. A number of shots were fired by both parties, but without effect. As the fugitives neared the bridge ex-Sheriff Carson and Officer Barry, who heard the firing, jumped into a buggy and gave chase, catching up with the two men just as they were leaving the Kansas end of the bridge. Carson covered Howard with a revolver and forced him to surrender.

Officer Barry attempted to capture Farral, who whipped out two revolvers and began firing, shooting the officer through the arm. Then Farral dashed into the weeds, followed by Barry and two other officers, who had arrived by this time, and a battle ensued during which over forty shots were fired. Farral was finally shot through the left breast, the bullet passing through his lungs, and he is in a dying condition.

TRAIN ROBBER MAKES CONFESSION.

The Murderers of Engineer Holmes Arrested and in Jail.

CARLINVILLE, Ills., May 6.—The men who so foully murdered Engineer Holmes in attempting to hold up his train, have been arrested and jailed. They are Ben Myers, a stonecutter of this place, and Jack Frost and Ed Bryant, of Burnside, Ky. Bryant is a boy of 18, and he has confessed. He says Meyers was the ringleader and their purpose was to rob the passengers. Meyers, he says, forced him and Frost to hold up the engineer.

On reaching the engineer's cab Bryant says Frost entered first, and flourishing his revolver, ordered the engineer to hold up his hands. The engineer resisted from the first. The engineer struck at Bryant with a coal pick and he fired at him three times. As soon as they discovered that the engineer was killed they jumped from the train and fled. Bryant said that Meyers and Frost did the planning of the robbery and said that Meyers told them frequently that if they did not do as he told them he would kill them.

Found Dead in a Gutter.

MINNEAPOLIS, May 7.—Two men found in the gutter the dead body of H. W. Thomas, an operator on the "Soo" road. There was a bullet hole in his head. Thomas called upon Mrs. F. L. Williams, a divorcee, at the home of her father, R. L. Berglund. He left and soon afterward a shot was heard. The murdered man's valuables were found on his person, thus precluding the idea of robbery. Mrs. Williams is a young woman who ran away to Hudson, Wis., to marry Williams. He turned out a worthless character and Mrs. Williams obtained a divorce. Williams was arrested and confessed to the murder.

Took Senator Palmer's View.

AMBOY, Ills., May 4.—At a meeting of the Democratic county central committee of Lee county, held here yesterday, resolutions were unanimously adopted refusing to call a convention to nominate delegates to the state Democratic silver convention. The committee took Senator Palmer's view of the situation.

Gresham and Hitt Are Better.

WASHINGTON, May 6.—Secretary Gresham was much more restful yesterday and last night was said to be somewhat improved. The secretary suffers some pain at times, but finds relief in sleep. Representative Hitt passed a comfortable day and his condition is said to be slightly more hopeful.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, May 4.

Money on call nominally 1¾ per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3@4½ per cent. Sterling exchange very weak, with actual business in bankers' bills at 483¾@487¾ for demand, and 487¾@487¾ for sixty days; posted rates 488¼@489¼ and 490@490½; commercial bills 487@487¼.

Silver certificates 66¼@67; no sales; bar silver, 66¾. Mexican dollars 52¾.

United States government bonds firm; new 4's reg., 120¾; do coupons, 120¾; 5's reg., 115¾; 5's coupons, 115¾; 4's reg., 112¾; 4's coupons, 112¾; 2's reg., 97; Pacific 6's of '95, 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, May 4.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—May, opened 62¾c, closed 61c; July, opened 62¾c, closed 62¾c; September, opened 63¼c, closed 63¼c. Corn—May, opened 49c, closed 49c; July, opened 49¼c, closed 49½c; September, opened 50c, closed 49¾c. Oats—May, opened 28¾c, closed 28¾c; June, opened 28¾c, closed 28¾c; July, opened 28¼c, closed 28¼c. Pork—May, nominal, closed $11.62; July, opened $11.95, closed $11.82. Lard—May, opened $6.55, closed $6.52½.

Produce: Butter—Creamery, 16@16½c per lb; extra dairy, 14½@15c; fresh packing stock, 6@7c. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 11½@12c per dozen. Live poultry—Chickens, 8@8½c per lb; turkeys, 7@11c; ducks, 8@9c, geese, $3.00@5.00 per dozen. Potatoes—Burbanks, fair to choice, 30@35c per bushel; Hebrons, 30@35c; Peerless, 30@35c; mixed, 30@35c. Apples—Fair to choice, $2.50@4.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@14c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 8@9c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, May 4.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 25,000; sales ranged at $3.80@4.55 pigs, $4.35@4.70 light, $4.30@4.45 rough packing, $4.40@4.75 mixed, and $4.50@4.85 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day 9,500; quotations ranged as $3.60@5.05 choice to extra shipping steers, $3.15@4.55 good to choice do, $4.00@4.80 fair to good, $4.00@4.70 common to medium do, $3.00@4.40 butchers' steers, $2.80@3.70 stockers, $4.75@4.85 feeders, $1.75@3.80 cows, $2.80@4.80 heifers, $2.80@5.00 bulls, $2.90@4.80 Texas steers, and $2.60@4.75 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 10,000; sales ranged at $3.00@4.45 westerns, $1.80@3.70 Texas, $3.00@4.60 natives, and $5.75@6.45 lambs.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, May 1.

Another of the American horses in England has won a race, Dwyer's Banquet taking the 2,000 guineas at Newmarket.

Cholera is reported at Moji southern Japan.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde has instructed her solicitor to begin a suit for divorce.

St. Louis authorities have begun war on the "mashers." One of them was fined $100.

J. B. Greenhut has ended his management of the Great Western distillery at Peoria. William Wolfner has succeeded him.

The board of health census gives New York city a population of 1,849,866, an increase of only 47,877 over the state census taken in 1892.

The Minnesota Iron company, at Tower, Minn., has announced a 10 per cent. raise in wages for its 1,000 employes, beginning today.

The commissioner of internal revenue now estimates the product of the income tax as scarcely $10,005,000.

Thursday, May 2.

Evidence before the coroner's jury at Lowestoft showed that the mate and lookout of the steamship Crathie were not at their posts when that vessel ran down and sank the Elbe.

G. A. Houghton, bookkeeper for F. A. Means & Co., of Cheyenne, Wy., was arrested in Denver. He confessed to embezzling $7,000 from his employers.

The supreme court of Kansas has decided that the law of 1893 giving a mortgagor eighteen months for the redemption of property after foreclosure is constitutional in so far as it applies to contracts in force prior to the passage of the law.

W. T. Loper, night manager of the United Press in New York city, committed suicide at Washington by inhaling gas.

Clerk of the Circuit Court T. H. Ward, under arrest at Antigo, Wis., for embezzlement, waived examination and was bound over to the circuit court. He furnished the required bail.

The directors of the Pennsylvania road have declared a semi-annual dividend of 2½ per cent.

Friday, May 3.

Dr. W. W. Wilson, of Lincoln county, Ark., pleaded guilty at Little Rock of manufacturing and passing counterfeit coin.

According to the Marine hospital bureau there were 877 deaths from smallpox in Illinois last year.

An order in bankruptcy has been issued at London against Oscar Wilde.

John Huff, who is said to have fallen heir to $1,500,000 by the death of Charles Easthoff, a wealthy Californian, in 1893, has died at Matawan, N. J. Huff nursed Easthoff twenty years ago through an attack of typhoid fever when no one else would go near him, and the entire estate has been his reward.

Employes of the C. T. Roenits Lumber company at Sheboygan, Wis., refused a 10 per cent raise and walked out for 20 per cent.

Bismarck, through the Hamburg Nachtrichten, has returned thanks to all his friends at home and abroad for their recent overwhelming congratulations.

A Leavenworth, Kas., judge has decided in a damage case against Dr. Keeley, of "Keeley cure" fame, that the doctor must make known the ingredients of the cure.

Saturday, May 4.

Hetty Green, the richest woman in America, was forced to get off a New York street car and walk because the only money she had was a counterfeit dime.

W. H. Dotson, a well-to-do merchant of Roff, I. T., was gored to death by a mad bull.

Judge Siebecker, of Madison, Wis., instructed a jury to bring in a verdict for the defendant in a suit against a railway for damages caused, as alleged, by sparks from a locomotive.

S. Feinheimer, of Chicago, ran his tongue along the flap of an envelope, the edge of which cut his tongue. He was dead in less than a week of blood poisoning.

George Mabbett, George Mattach, Rudolph Runhold, and Joe Bolinsky were seriously injured by an explosion of gas in the Cambria Iron company's mine at Johnstown, Pa.

Upon application of counsel for Oscar Wilde the judge decided to admit the prisoner to bail.

Monday, May 6.

Charles W. Fish, the great circus bareback rider, is dead at Chicago, aged 47. He had been ill for several months.

Claus A. Blixt, the butcher who, as alleged, carried out the murder of Catherine Ging at the behest of Harry Hayward, pleaded guilty at Minneapolis and a merciful judge sentenced him to prison for life.

The Vienna Fremdenblatt announces that Count Kalnoky, the Austrian imperial minister for foreign affairs, has resigned because of trouble over something the Papal nuncio has been saying.

The half breed difficulty, at Turtle Mountain, S. D., has been subdued without loss of life. The United States marshals have arrested the men wanted, the half-breeds concluding that a fight would end disastrously for them.

H. W. Thomas called on Mrs. F. L. Williams, a divorcee, at Minneapolis. Next morning his dead body was found in a gutter near the house. The assassin was the woman's ex-husband, and he is in jail.

That Tired Feeling

So common at this season, is a serious condition, liable to lead to disastrous results. It is a sure sign of declining health tone, and that the blood is impoverished and impure. The best and most successful remedy is found in

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Which makes rich, healthy blood, and thus gives strength to the nerves, elasticity to the muscles, vigor to the brain and health to the whole body. In truth, Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes the Weak Strong

Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure nausea and biliousness.

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

COPYRIGHT 1894 BY THE J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.

CHAPTER XVI.

At 10 o'clock that morning, shortly after a smiling interview with the ladies of Fort Sibley, in which, with infinite spirit and the most perfect self control, Miss Beaubien had informed them that she had promised to lead with Mr. Jerrold, and since he was in duress she would lead with no one, and sent them off wondering and greatly excited, there came running up to the carriage a telegraph messenger boy, who handed her a dispatch.

"I was going up to the avenue, mum," he explained, "but I seen you here."

Nina's face paled as she tore it open and read the curt lines:

"Come to me here. Your help needed instantly."

She sprang from the carriage. "Tell mother I have gone over to see some fort friends—not to wait," she called to the coachman, well knowing he would understand that she meant the ladies with whom she had been so recently talking. Like a frightened deer she sped around the corner, hailed the driver of a cab, lounging with his fellows along the walk, ordered him to drive with all speed to Summit avenue, and with beating heart decided on her plan. Her glorious eyes were flashing; the native courage and fierce determination of her race were working in her woman's heart. She well knew that imminent danger threatened him. She had dared everything for love of his mere presence, his sweet caress. What would she not dare to save him if save she could? He had not been true to her. She knew, and knew well, that, whether sought or not, Alice Renwick had been winning him from her, that he was wavering, that he had been cold and negligent, but with all her soul and strength she loved him and believed him grand and brave and fine as he was beautiful. Now—now was her opportunity. He needed her. His commission, his honor, depended on her. He had intimated as much the night before—had told her of the accusations and suspicions that attached to him—but made no mention of the photograph.

He had said that, though nothing could drag from him a word that would compromise her, she might be called upon to stand 'twixt him and ruin, and now perhaps the hour had come. She could free, exonerate, glorify him, and in doing so claim him for her own. Who, after this, could stand 'twixt her and him? He loved her, though he had been cold, and she? Had he bidden her bow her dusky head to earth and kiss the print of his heel she would have obeyed could she but feel sure that her reward would be a simple touch of his hand, an assurance that no other woman could find a moment's place in his love. Verily, he had been doing desperate wooing in the long winter, for the very depths of her nature were all athrob with love for him. And now he could no longer plead that poverty withheld his offer of his hand. She would soon be mistress of her own little fortune, and at her mother's death of an independence. Go to him she would, and on wings of the wind, and go she did. The cab released her at the gate to her home and went back with a double fare that set the driver to thinking. She sped through the house and out the rear doors, much to the amaze of cook and others who were in consultation in the kitchen. She flew down a winding flight of stairs to the level below, and her fairy feet went tripping over the pavement of a plebeian street. A quick turn, and she was at a little second rate stable, whose proprietor knew her and started from his chair. "What's wrong today, Miss Nina?"

"I want the roan mare and light buggy again—quick as you can. Your own price at the old terms, Mr. Graves—silence."

He nodded, called to a subordinate and in five minutes handed her into the frail vehicle. An impatient chirrup and flap of the reins, and the roan shot forth into the dusty road, leaving old Graves shaking his head at the door.

"I've known her ever since she was weaned," he muttered, "and she's a wild bird, if ever there was one, but she's never been the like o' this till last month."

And the roan mare was covered with foam and sweat when Nina Beaubien drove into the bustling fort, barely an hour after her receipt of Jerrold's telegram. A few officers were gathered in front of headquarters, and there were curious looks from face to face as she was recognized. Mr. Rollins was on the walk, giving some instructions to a sergeant of his company, and never saw her until the buggy reined up close behind him, and turning suddenly he met her face to face as she sprang lightly to the ground. The young fellow reddened to his eyes and would have recoiled, but she was mistress of the situation. She well knew she had but to command, and he would obey, or, at the most, if she could no longer command she had only to implore, and he would be powerless to withstand her entreaty.

"I am glad you are here, Mr. Rollins. You can help me—sergeant, will you kindly hitch my horse at that post? —now," she added in low, hurried tone, "come with me to Mr. Jerrold's."

Rollins was too stupefied to answer. Silently he placed himself by her side, and together they passed the group at the office. Miss Beaubien nodded with something of her old archness and coquetry to the cap raising party, but never hesitated. Together they passed along the narrow board walk, followed by curious eyes, and as they reached the angle and stepped beneath the shelter of the piazza in front of the long, low, green blinded bachelors' row there was sudden sensation in the group. Mr. Jerrold appeared at the door of his quarters; Rollins halted some 50 feet away, raised his cap and left her, and all alone, with the eyes of Fort Sibley upon her, Nina Beaubien stepped bravely forward to meet her lover.

They saw him greet her at the door. Some of them turned away, unwilling to look and yet unwilling to go and not understand this new phase of the mystery. Rollins, looking neither to right nor left, repassed them and walked off with a set, savage look on his young face, and then, as one or two still gazed, fascinated by this strange and daring proceeding, others, too, turned back and, half ashamed of themselves for such a yielding to curiosity, glanced furtively over at Jerrold's door.

There they stood—he restrained by his arrest, unable to come forth; she, restrained more by his barring form than by any consideration of maidenly reserve, for, had he bidden, she would have gone within. She had fully made up her mind that wherever he was, even were it behind the sentinels and bars of the guardhouse, she would demand that she be taken to his side. He had handed out a chair, but she would not sit. They saw her looking up into his face as he talked and noted the eager gesticulation, so characteristic of his creole blood, that seemed to accompany his rapid words. They saw her bending toward him, looking eagerly up in his eyes and occasionally casting indignant glances over toward the group at the office, as though she would annihilate with her wrath the persecutors of her hero. Then they saw her stretch forth both her hands, with a quick impulsive movement, and grasp his one instant, looking so faithfully, steadfastly, loyally, into his clouded and anxious face. Then she turned, and with quick, eager steps came tripping toward them. They stood irresolute. Every man felt that it was somebody's duty to step forward, meet her and be her escort through the party, but no one advanced. There was, if anything, a tendency to sidle toward the office door, as though to leave the sidewalk unimpeded. But she never sought to pass them by. With flashing eyes and crimson cheeks, she bore straight upon them, and with indignant emphasis upon every word accosted them:

"Captain Wilton, Major Sloat, I wish to see Captain Chester at once. Is he in the office?"

"Certainly, Miss Beaubien. Shall I call him, or will you walk in?" And both men were at her side in a moment.

"Thanks. I will go right in—if you will kindly show me to him."

Another moment, and Armitage and Chester, deep in the midst of their duties and surrounded by clerks and orderlies and assailed by half a dozen questions in one and the same instant, looked up astonished as Wilton stepped in and announced Miss Beaubien, desiring to see Captain Chester on immediate business. There was no time for conference. There she stood in the doorway, and all tongues were hushed on the instant. Chester rose and stepped forward, with anxious courtesy. She did not choose to see the extended hand.

"It is you, alone, I wish to see, captain. Is it impossible here?"

"I fear it is, Miss Beaubien, but we can walk out in the open air. I feel that I know what it is you wish to say to me," he added in a low tone, took his cap from the peg on which it hung and led the way. Again she passed through the curious but respectful group, and Jerrold, watching furtively from his window, saw them come forth.

The captain turned to her as soon as they were out of earshot:

"I have no daughter of my own, my dear young lady, but if I had I could not more thoroughly feel for you than I do. How can I help you?"

The reply was unexpectedly spirited. He had thought to encourage and sustain her, be sympathetic and paternal; but, as he afterward ruefully admitted, he "never did seem to get the hang of a woman's temperament." Apparently sympathy was not the thing she needed.

"It is late in the day to ask such a question, Captain Chester. You have done great wrong and injustice. The question is now, Will you undo it?"

He was too surprised to speak for a moment. When his tongue was unloosed, he said:

"I shall be glad to be convinced I was wrong."

"I know little of army justice or army laws, Captain Chester, but when a girl is compelled to take this step to rescue a friend there is something brutal about them, or the men who enforce them. Mr. Jerrold tells me that he is arrested. I knew that last night, but not until this morning did he consent to let me know that he would be court martialed unless he could prove where he was the night you were officer of the day two weeks ago and last Saturday night. He is too noble and good to defend himself when by doing so he might harm me. But I am here to free him from the cruel suspicion you have formed." She had quickened her step, and in her impulsiveness and agitation they were almost at the end of the walk. He hesitated, as though reluctant to go along under the piazza, but she was imperious, and he yielded. "No, come!" she said. "I mean that you shall hear the whole truth, and that at once. I do not expect you to understand or condone my conduct, but you must acquit him. We are engaged, and—I love him. He has enemies here, as I see all too plainly, and they have prejudiced mother against him, and she has forbidden my seeing him. I came out to the fort without her knowledge one day, and it angered her. From that time she would not let me see him alone. She watched every movement and came with me wherever I drove. She gave orders that I should never have any of our horses to drive or ride alone—I, whom father had indulged to the utmost and who had ridden and driven at will from my babyhood. She came out to the fort with me that evening for parade and never even agreed to let me go out to see some neighbors until she learned he was to escort Miss Renwick. She had ordered me to be ready to go with her to Chequamagon the next day, and I would not go until I had seen him. There had been a misunderstanding. I got the Suttons to drive me out while mother supposed me at the Laurents', and Mr. Jerrold promised to meet me east of the bridge and drive in town with us, and I was to send him back in Graves' buggy.

"He had been refused permission to leave the post, he said, and could not cross the bridge, where the sentries would be sure to recognize him, but as it was our last chance of meeting he risked the discovery of his absence, never dreaming of such a thing as his private rooms being inspected. He had a little skiff down in the willows that he had used before, and by leaving the party at midnight he could get home, change his dress, run down the bank and row down stream to the point, there leave his skiff and climb up to the road. He met us there at 1 o'clock, and the Suttons would never betray either of us, though they did not know we were engaged. We sat in their parlor a quarter of an hour after we got to town, and then 'twas time to go, and there was only a little 10 minutes' walk down to the stable. I had seen him such a very short time, and I had so much to tell him." Chester could have burst into rapturous applause had she been an actress. Her cheeks were aflame, her eyes full of fire and spirit, her bosom heaving, her little foot tapping the ground, as she stood there leaning on the colonel's fence and looking straight up in the perturbed veteran's face. She was magnificent, he said to himself, and in her bravery, self sacrifice and indignation she was. "It was then after 2, and I could just as well go with him—somebody had to bring the buggy back—and Graves himself hitched in his roan mare for me, and I drove out, picked up Mr. Jerrold at the corner, and we came out here again through the darkness together. Even when we got to the point I did not let him go at once. It was over an hour's drive. It was fully half past 3 before we parted. He sprang down the path to reach the riverside, and before he was fairly in his boat and pulling up against the stream I heard, far over here somewhere, those two faint shots. That was the shooting he spoke of in his letter to me, not to her, and what business Colonel Maynard had to read and exhibit to his officers a letter never intended for him I cannot understand. Mr. Jerrold says it was not what he wanted it to be at all, as he wrote hastily, so he wrote another and sent that to me by Merrick that morning after his absence was discovered. It probably blew out of the window, as these other things did this morning. See for yourself, captain." And she pointed to the two or three bills and scraps that had evidently only recently fluttered in among the now neglected roses.

"Then when he was aroused at reveille and you threatened him with punishment and held over his head the startling accusation that you knew of our meeting and our secret he was naturally infinitely distressed and could only write to warn me, and he managed to get in and say goodby to me at the station. As for me, I was back home by 5 o'clock, let myself noiselessly up to my room, and no one knew it but the Suttons and old Graves, neither of whom would betray me. I had no fear of the long dark road. I had ridden and driven as a child all over these bluffs and prairies before there was any town worth mentioning and in days when my father and I found only friends—not enemies—here at Sibley."

"Miss Beaubien, let me protest against your accusation. It is not for me to reprove your grave imprudence or recklessness, nor have I the right to disapprove your choice of Mr. Jerrold. Let me say at once that you have none but friends here, and if it ever should be known to what lengths you went to save him it will only make him more envied and you more genuinely admired. I question your wisdom; but, upon my soul, I admire your bravery and spirit. You have cleared him of a terrible charge."

A most disdainful and impatient shrug of her shapely shoulders was Miss Beaubien's only answer to that allusion. The possibility of Mr. Jerrold's being suspected of another entanglement was something she would not tolerate.

"I know nothing of other people's affairs. I simply speak of my own. Let us end this as quickly as possible, captain. Now about Saturday night. Mother had consented to our coming back for the german—she enjoys seeing me lead, it seems—and she decided to pay a short visit to relations at St. Croix, staying there Saturday night and over Sunday. This would give us a chance to meet again, as he could spend the evening in St. Croix and return by late train, and I wrote and asked him. He came. We had a long talk in the summer house in the garden, for mother never dreamed of his being there, and unluckily he just missed the night train and did not get back until inspection. It was impossible for him to have been at Sablon, and he can furnish other proof, but would do nothing until he had seen me."

"Miss Beaubien, you have cleared him. I only wish that you could clear —every one."

"I am in nowise concerned in that other matter to which you have alluded; neither is Mr. Jerrold. May I say to him at once that this ends his persecution?"

The captain smiled. "You certainly deserve to be the bearer of good tidings. I wish he may appreciate it."

Another moment, and she had left him and sped back to Jerrold's doorway. He was there to meet her, and Chester looked with grim and uncertain emotion at the radiance in her face. He had to get back to the office and to pass them; so, as civilly as he could, considering the weight of wrath and contempt he felt for the man, he stopped and spoke:

"Your fair advocate has been all powerful, Mr. Jerrold. I congratulate you, and your arrest is at an end. Captain Armitage will require no duty of you until we are aboard, but we've only half an hour. The train is coming sharp at noon."

"Train! What train? Where are you going?" she asked, a wild anxiety in her eyes, a sudden pallor on her face.

"We are ordered post haste to Colorado, Nina, to rescue what is left of Thornton's men. But for you I should have been left behind."

"But for me! left behind!" she cried. "Oh, Howard, Howard! have I only—only won you to send you into danger? Oh, my darling! Oh, God, don't—don't go! They will kill you! It will kill me! Oh, what have I done? what have I done?"

"Nina, hush! My honor is with the regiment. I must go, child. We'll be back in a few weeks. Indeed I fear



"Oh, what have I done! what have I done!"

'twill all be over before we get there. Nina, don't look so! Don't act so! Think where you are!"

But she had borne too much, and the blow came all too soon—too heavy. She was well nigh senseless when the Beaubien carriage came whirling into the fort and old Maman rushed forth in voluble and rabid charge upon her daughter. All too late! It was useless now. Her darling's heart was weaned away and her love lavished on that tall, objectionable young soldier so soon to go forth to battle. Reproaches, tears, wrath, were all in order, but were abandoned at sight of poor Nina's agony of grief. Noon came, and the train, and with buoyant tread the gallant command marched down the winding road and filed aboard the cars, and Howard Jerrold, shame stricken, humbled at the contemplation of his own unworthiness, slowly unclasped her arms from about his neck, laid one long kiss upon her white and quivering lips, took one brief look in the great dark, haunting, despairing eyes and carried her wail of anguish ringing in his ears as he sprang aboard and was whirled away.

But there were women who deemed themselves worse off than Nina Beaubien—the wives and daughters and sweethearts whom she met that morn in town, for when they got back to Sibley the regiment was miles away. For them there was not even a kiss from the lips of those they loved. Time and train waited for no woman. There were comrades battling for life in the Colorado Rockies, and aid could not come too soon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Two Famous Old Apple Trees.

The decayed stump is all that remains of the famous "mother tree," the oldest known specimen of the Rhode Island Greening. A few rods southwest of the old limekiln on the northern verge of Fruit Hill, on Frederick W. Winsor's farm, stands a younger tree. Mrs. Winsor's great-great-grandfather, Nehemiah Smith, planted the mother tree, of which the other is a limb wrenched while loaded with fruit from the parent stock, during King George II's reign, in 1748, and was therefore 141 years old when it was cut down in 1889-90, and its life from the seed must be nearly 150 years.

The present tree, "the daughter tree," so called, is a limb of the mother trunk and was broken off in the September gale of 1815, and which, from an elbow thrust into the moist, rich soil, took root and became independent. F. M. Perry of Canandaigua, N. Y., a famous nurseryman and pomologist, pronounced the fruit of these trees the finest of the Greening family and procured hundreds of scions from the stock to introduce into New York and the middle states.—Providence Journal.

THE SILK WAS CHEAP.

But It Fell From Grace When Each Knew the Other Knew the Price.

It was bargain day in one of the large down town stores, and the counters were piled with evening silks of the most tempting prices.

Two women were industriously turning over the pieces, and one of them said to her companion, "Yes, I'm getting a gown to wear to my sister-in-law's wedding, and the only thing which puzzles me is which piece to take—they are all so delightfully cheap and they look so handsome."

"Yes, it is hard to decide," admitted the other woman, whose bored and weary air proclaimed her merely the escort. The active shopper looked fresh and alert.

"Yes. Now, if I only knew what Victoria was going to wear, it would be easy enough. I'm determined for once that my gown shall cast hers in the shade. When we were girls together, she was glad enough to copy my things, but now she's married Henry's elder brother, who has more money than Henry has, and she does put on such airs."

"Yes. This is a pretty piece," suggested her companion, who wanted her lunch.

"Isn't it? I wonder if it is quite as good as the one that woman has over there. I think I shall take this—I'm sure Victoria would never know but that it was awfully expensive, for I shall tell her that it was $3 a yard. There won't be a piece left to tell the tale after today, anyhow. Not that she'd ever look at a bargain counter—she's too proud for that. Let me see, how many yards"—

"You would like to see this piece in the light, madam?" said the voice of a clerk back of them. "Certainly. Step this way, please. Yes, the very thing for a wedding. We are selling—will you allow me to pass, ladies?"

The two women stepped aside, and the one who was counting up how many yards she needed cried:

"Why, Victoria, is that you? I—I've been looking for a gown to wear at Marie's wedding."

"So have I," replied the lady who had been following the clerk to the light, "but—but I don't see anything here that is nearly good enough."

"Neither do I," replied the other woman, and she put down the piece she had been holding lest some one else get it. "Come, Amy, we will go."

"Will you look at this piece in the light, madam?" asked the clerk.

"Not today," was the haughty reply. "I will come in again and look at something better."

And the two parties moved off in opposite directions, leaving the clerk behind the counter and the one standing in the aisle smiling at each other.—Chicago Tribune.

"Colorow's a Squaw."

Edward, one of "the fighting McCooks," while governor of Colorado territory had a good deal of trouble with the Indians, and especially with their chief, Colorow, a great scoundrel and a coward at heart. The chief would have shot the governor one day had it not been for the family nerve of the McCooks. The National Tribune of Washington tells the story:

With a party of his braves Colorow came to Denver one day, and after drinking heavily of whisky told his followers that he was going up to kill McCook. The governor had his office in a two story building and sat with his back to the door, with a looking glass on the desk in front of him, so that he could see any one coming in without turning.

McCook was expecting some trouble with Colorow and was seated at his desk when the Indian came in. Colorow had a pistol in his hand, and approaching McCook he stood by his side and grunted:

"McCook liar!"

The governor never looked up, but kept on writing.

"McCook heap liar," repeated Colorow, but the governor never noticed it.

"McCook heap big liar," continued Colorow, and still the pen scratched away. Colorow mistook McCook's silence for fear and let his pistol hand drop until his arm hung down straight. In an instant McCook grasped the Indian's wrist, and in another the pistol fell to the floor.

Turning Colorow around, the governor deliberately thrust him down stairs and out of the door into the circle of Indians who were waiting for the expected trouble.

"Colorow's a squaw," said McCook to the assembled Indians, and giving the chief a parting push he returned to his office.

Royal Intellects.

"How do royal personages compare with ordinary mankind as regards brain power and intellect?" is the purport of an inquiry from a reader of the New York Tribune, one which has probably been called forth by some reference to Prince Bismarck's well known phrase about "Austria's imbecile archdukes," in connection with the recent death of the old uncle of Emperor Francis Joseph.

To this, reply is made that, as a general rule, the intelligence of the "anointed of the Lord" is not above the average of that of ordinary mortals. Paradoxical though it may appear, brains are not needed in any superabundant quantity to direct the destinies of great and powerful nations, and ancient as well as modern history teaches that the most successful rulers have been persons of a mental caliber below rather than above the average, whereas those monarchs who were exceptionally gifted have invariably shown themselves unfitted to administer the destinies of the people subject to their control.

This may be explained by the fact that dullness usually goes hand in hand with caution, which is a very desirable quality in a ruler, while genius is often both impulsive and impracticable.

SHE WAS A WOMAN.

And For This Reason There Was No Occasion For Surprise.

The sun beat down that blistering afternoon on the little adobe cabin just beyond the arroyo, and on the far side in the shade sat two sweltering cow punchers with a pack of cards between them. It was too hot for even this mild exercise, but it served to keep their minds off the weather, and they played lazily along. At last one of them threw his cards down.

"By gravy, Bill," he exclaimed, "I can't play any more."

"What's the matter?" inquired Bill.

"Too hot for you?"

"No. 'Tain't that, though the Lord knows it's most hot enough for anything. It's that little girl down there at old Slocum's."

"What's she got to do with the game?" asked Bill in surprise.

"Nothing much, I guess, but a good deal with me."

"How?" and Bill picked up the pack and began shuffling the cards aimlessly.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Stuck on her?" inquired Bill, with a laugh, which struck his companion as rather harsh.

"Not exactly, I guess."

"She's the purtiest thing in this valley," said Bill admiringly.

"I know it," admitted the other. "I was down there last night, and she was sweeter than ever."

"Well," impatiently, "what are you going to do about it?"

"What would you advise?"

"That depends on what kind of advice you want."

"I was thinking about marrying her."

Bill gave a long whistle and stopped shuffling the cards.

"What, marry a half breed, and you having the kind of folks you have back in the east?" he said seriously.

"I don't see how I can get out of it honorably," he reluctantly confessed. "I've been going down there to see her for six months now, and she has been kind of expecting me to come. I didn't think much about it at first, but now blame me if I don't think about her pretty much all the time. The last four or five times I've been to see her she showed me straight that she thought a lot of me, and last night she told me everything, and said if I left her her heart would break and she would drown herself in the river. I can't stand that, you know, and besides I'd rather marry her myself than have anybody else marry her."

"She'll git old man Slocum's property when he goes over the divide," said Bill thoughtfully, "and that 's worth a pile."

"Yes, but I don't care for that. It's the girl and my own honorable action in the matter."

They talked until the sun had sunk behind the mountain, and by that time it was decided that Bill would go with his friend Joe and settle the business with the girl's father, old man Slocum. Early the next morning they set out, and before the sun had reached the hot place in the heavens they were at Slocum's.

"Where's Meg?" asked Joe, after they had passed the compliments of the morning.

"Oh, she's skipped," answered Slocum, with a laugh.

"Skipped?" gasped Joe.

"Yes. Skipped some time in the night with Pete Smiley, and she needn't 'a' done it, fer Pete was agreeable to me," and he laughed again.

Joe felt something rise in his throat and drop back again like a piece of lead. Bill looked at him curiously.

"Gals will be gals," said Bill, turning to Slocum, "but what we come down here to see you about, Mr. Slocum, is cattle," and he carried it through nobly.—Detroit Free Press.

Not a Fighter.

Two old negroes, one of whom wore a Grand Army of the Republic uniform, while the other was attired in the conventional black Prince Albert coat which is ever part and parcel of the colored "pahson," met on the corner of Ninth and Walnut streets. Both were waiting for a car. The wait turned out to be a long one, and the men, though evidently strangers, began chatting pleasantly on the condition of the weather and other stock subjects.

Finally the "pahson," with a comprehensive glance over the uniform which the other wore, asked:

"Was yo' in the wah, sah?"

"Yessah; 'deed I wuz. 'Deed I'ze in de wah."

"Den yo' had a taste of de late unpleasantness?"

"Yas; co'se I did. Fact is, pahson, I had mo' dan a taste. I done went and bit off mo' dan I cud chaw up fine."

"Did yo' run when dey commence shooting?" asked the "pahson" suspiciously.

"Dat I did, sah—dat I did—an I'd a-run befo' ef I'd knowed it wuz comin."

"Den yo' isn't much on fightin?" queried the expounder of the gospel.

"No, sah; I'ze not. I'll leab dat for people what 'ain't got nuffin else to do. Cookin is my perfeshun." And just then the car came.—Kansas City Times.

Lost the Prize.

The late James Crossley, a noted bibliomaniac, hied him one memorable day to a bookstall in Shudehill market, and spying a little volume took it up and glanced carelessly through it. After awhile he asked its price from an old woman and was told it was two and sixpence. "I'll give you sixpence for it," said Crossley. "Nay," replied the poor old dame, "it cost me 2 shillings." Whereupon our book devourer threw it down in disgust and retired. A gentleman, overhearing the altercation, stepped forward and purchased it at the sum demanded. Crossley returned soon after, and noticing the book had gone anxiously inquired what had become of it. "Sold," answered the woman, "for what you refused to give." "Tell me who bought it and I'll give him 10 shillings for it!" said Crossley eagerly. The moral is self evident.—Exchange.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each. 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MAY 11, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Ward and James.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Gismonda."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Black Sheep."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Cotton King."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"The Passing Show."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Thatcher & Johnson's Minstrels.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE BRITISHERS FEEL JOLLY.

The British newspapers are doing a great amount of "crowing" over the recent bulldozing of Nicaraugua in spite of the timid little remonstrances made by the Big Little Man at Washington, D.C. The English occupied a republican harbor, camped on republican soil and got out, under the conditions of a promissory note from Nicaragua to pay the robber "indemnity" demanded because of an alleged outrage on the meddling Englishman, Consul Hatch. The British Lion tore the Monroe doctrine to pieces with his ponderous claws—always careful about the size of the coveted prey—and now he roars so as to be heard on both sides of the Atlantic. But what cares the fat man at the White House, who is guided by no precedent, patriotic or heroic? He draws his $50,000 a year and disposes of the offices, and has no desire to embroil himself with England, or any other power, for mere American interests. The British government knows quite well that it has an influential friend at Washington, and has its own sweet will, in cis-Atlantic matters, accordingly. Does any intelligent person suppose that England would have dared carry out her insulting demonstration at Corinta if Benjamin Harrison had been in the presidential chair; or McKinley, or Tom Reed or the Republican "dark horse" if there should be one? Would a Democratic president of the type of Jefferson, Jackson, Madison, Monroe or Polk have permitted it? Never. The fact is Grover Cleveland is a political misfit. He belongs to no party. He is a party unto himself, and the country's interests suffer from the fatty degeneration of his sluggish intellect. The man is not dishonest. He is simply stupid, and the American people, as a majority, are responsible for having snubbed and outraged courage, patriotism and ability in Harrison, to reward timidity, indifference and mediocrity in Grover Cleveland. It takes a man, not a mouse, or, rather, an elephant with the heart of a mouse, to run this great republic. We hope the American people will profit by the bitter lesson their own folly and ingratitude have taught them.

The London *Globe* is among the English journals that howl with joy over the Nicaraguan incident. Here is what it had to say in its issue of the 3d inst:

"The sharp little lesson which we had the painful duty to inflict upon Nicaragua cannot fail to be productive of good there. Another and more powerful state has been taught a useful lesson. The American republic assumes the post of arbitrator in all disputes between the smaller states and Europe, and what is more important, it shows a disposition to interfere in those disputes, which is as objectionable as it is unasked for. The tone of the American press ever since the present difficulty arose has reflected very clearly the usual tone of their country in these matters, though, perhaps, their bluster and braggadocio upon this occasion were rendered louder because they felt that there was little chance of being listened to. We do not wish to heap indignity upon any state, however small and insignificant. England has never played the part of a bully and never will, but she must be careful to see that her good nature is not too much presumed upon."

The phrase "England has never played the part of a bully" reads laughable to those who are familiar with her history. It is by the systematic bullying of weaker peoples she has spread her empire in every quarter of the globe. Wales, Scotland, Ireland, successively bear witness to this fact. Not to speak of greater India, which has a large but inert population, the footprints of the bully are darkly visible in Burmah, Cochin China, South Africa, Venezuela and elsewhere throughout the world. Civilization has not yet recovered from the shock inflicted upon it by the wanton and inhuman bombardment of Alexandria; nor has the blowing of Sepoys from the mouths of cannon become a tradition. She attempted to bully the Boers, but her soldiers were routed and her general killed at Majuba hill. In fact, the history of her bullyings is the history of her existence as a state. She began as a pirate and she is now, in addition, a blackmail debt collector and a shameless grabber of territory.

HORIZONTAL REDUCTION OF THE POLICE.

What may be called the horizontal reduction of the police force by Chief Badenoch, with, of course, the concurrence of the mayor, is creating widespread dissatisfaction in this city. If there are no funds to pay extra men, that settles it; but if otherwise, it would seem an unfortunate moment to select for wholesale reduction when riots are raging in South Chicago, and when we are in the beginning of the annual riot season. There is lack of judgment in this, and the municipality may have reason to regret it in a moment of crisis.

Apart from this consideration we have information which leads us to believe that grave injustice—unintentional, no doubt, at least as regards Chief Badenoch—has been done many excellent officers, who not alone performed their ordinary duty with satisfaction, but also distinguished themselves on the force.

Economy in administration is an excellent thing, and should be applauded and encouraged, but weakening the city's strength in troubled times is poor economy and poorer statesmanship. Every unjustly discharged man, thinking of his dependent wife and little ones, leaves the force with bitterness in his heart, and, mayhap, because human nature is weak, a malediction on his lips. It is easy enough to say, "Let him find other work," but it is not always easy for a poor man to obtain other employment in these abnormally hard times.

Numbers of the unfortunates have called upon us to see if we could do anything for them within the last few days. To be frank about the matter, we cannot. We have no influence whatever with the present city administration, and we do not want any of our friends, high or humble, to labor under the delusion that we have. Therefore, they had better save themselves the bother, and us the trouble, of trying to do that which cannot be accomplished.

A VICIOUS CRITIC.

The New York *Irish-American* was, about a generation ago, one of the boldest and best exemplars of the Irish movement, on both sides of the Atlantic. It cannot be described as such in this year of grace, 1895. All its proclivities are Whiggish and bigoted, nor can it avoid the bad taste of dragging American politics into affairs that are purely Irish. We cannot believe that our old and tried friend, Mr. P. J. Meehan, is responsible for the change. There is too much venom and injustice in the following editorial, clipped from the *Irish-American* of May 6, to point to him as its author:

"The public were gravely informed last week by a paragraph adroitly disseminated through the daily press of what the authors would probably like to have considered a most interesting occurrence in Irish National affairs. The announcement stated that: 'A movement is on foot to hold a convention of Irish-Americans, in one of the larger cities, at an early date. It is said that a number of men who have been prominent in the Irish cause have come to the conclusion that it is time for Irish-Americans to start a new and bolder policy in the interest of Irish independence.'

"It further went on to say that among those who intended to co-operate were a number of men—naming them—from various cities. These 'bolder' spirits, it seems, are not satisfied with the policy and programme the Irish people have laid out to guide their political policy in the effort to win their national autonomy. It is very easy to be 'bold' three thousand miles away from any personal danger. In fact, it is just as easy to to be 'bolder,' or even 'boldest,' if comparative long distance bravery is of any pleasure or interest to any one engaged in the operation. We have heard of these valiant resolves before. They never went much further—even though trans-Atlantic passage rates are so cheap. It is not likely there will be any change in results now. The list of the 'prominent' men who have concluded to take these new and bolder steps on the path of 'Irish independence' has a number of names on it that have appeared tacked to blatherskite manifestoes of previous vaporings. Just previous to election times they were always very much in evidence in this way. It was a handy reference to prompt a speedy bargain with wavering 'Campaign Committees' on both sides of the local political strife. Just about now the big fight of the next presidential election is opening all over the country, in critical states. The skirmishes for the delegates to the national conventions are going on, here and elsewhere. Could it be possible that this has a preponderating influence on the great move for a 'new and bolder policy in the interest of Irish independence?' We wonder. But the moving spirits in the enterprise will probably soon reveal themselves and dispel our doubts."

We should say in reading over the foregoing that the conclusions arrived at by the writer are "the result of profound introspection." We don't see why every earnest Irish movement started, or about to be started, in the United States, should be attributed to speculation in American politics. No doubt something of that kind has occurred heretofore, but it was by individuals, not by organizations, and the individuals, as is admitted by our contemporary were, quite as often Democrats as Republicans. A man is not required to be disfranchised and a dummy in America, simply because he is a friend of Ireland; and we fail to remember where any "political deal" in this country did any injury to the cause of Ireland. The present bad position of the Irish cause is not due to the Irish in America, but to the Irish in Ireland. Their ungrateful treatment of Parnell, and their frightful quarrels among themselves, have demoralized the cause, and discouraged its friends, throughout the world.

We should imagine that comments of the kind quoted from the *Irish-American* would appear more natural if they emanated from an Orange or a Tory organ. They have all the well-worn stock phrases of "sarcasm" used by such sheets. If we are to abuse each other for the benefit of our enemies, let it, at least, be understood that we select some other reason than that of one section being more zealous to advance the interests of Ireland than the other.

ABOUT "OLD DUBLIN."

Count Plunket has always taken a deep and intelligent interest in the history and antiquities of the city of Dublin. It has been with him more than a labor of love; it has also been a matter of duty and of principle to throw light upon the varied history of the beautiful, but widowed, Irish metropolis. Dublin, since the Union, has grown larger, but less lovely, and the evidences of prosperity so visible in the last century are no longer so apparent to the eye of the visitor or the resident. In the course of an interesting lecture on "Old Dublin," recently delivered in that city, Count Plunkett said:

"The city of Dublin, while still containing an immense number of ancient buildings, was one of the most modern of cities. At every turn age and youth stared one another. Carlisle Bridge was only completed, and only a few years before the ruins of an ancient bridge had made the Liffey picturesque. The many ferries plying across the river suggested the need of more bridges, and the new portions of the quay walls, for which the Irish parliament had voted £40,000 contrasted with the broken banks. The old custom house was a dismantled ruin, and the new one stood out fresh from the chisel of the sculptor. So, likewise, loomed up its sister buildings, that Temple of Justice, the Four Courts as yet untouched by crime and not contaminated by the foot of the lawyer. O'Connell street—or The Mall, as it was then known—was a pretty plantation with a low wall running around it. In several of the streets stood ancient wooden houses like that in Skinner's row called the Carbrie—made basket-wise, with great cross-beams of oak, and shingled or slated. St. Stephen's green was enclosed by a low wall and was laid out in walks, but being entrenched was used for a paddock. The City Basin was the most elegant and sequestered place of relaxation the citizens could boast of. Referring to the industries of Dublin during the last century he said the jewelers produced work in Dublin worthy of the workshops of France or Italy. In the Dublin shops there were on sale velvets made in Marlborough street, printed linen and muslin made in Ballsbridge or Malahide, in short, everything from fine linen to the rough Irish frieze was manufactured in Dublin or the neighborhood. Sheet iron was made at Black Mills, and wire was turned out at Harold's Cross. The Dublin workmen were equal to any in the world, and the Irish Parliament considered it its first duty to promote Irish skill and industry, peers and commoners lived in Dublin then, and the country benefited thereby. When we look at their beautiful residences and calculated the hundreds of thousands of skilled workers who were engaged in their construction, we must recognize not a little to bless them for. The house of commons itself—where the libertics of Ireland were sacrified to English party exigencies—recalled great and noble memories. Not even the ill fame of those who looked upon Ireland as the leech looks upon the object from which it draws its life, can blot the memories of those who in a corrupt age were pure, in a tyrannical age were tolerant, and who refused to stain their souls by trading in the white slavery of the time (hear, hear). It was an age of intellect, when men gathered the whole force of public life into themselves. Curran fought in the courts day by day with a proscribed nation at his back, and he was a giant in the commons at night, Henry Grattan's virtues led him at times into political errors. He was no nicely regulated parlimentary machine. He fought in a crippled parliament to release both Protestant and Catholic from the demoralizing tithe system. The light of his love shines to us from the past, aye, even from the present, when we look upon that beautiful creation of the artist, the old Irish House, where the memory of his genius and his faith shall linger while one stone rests under another."

ROSSA'S LATEST EXPLOIT.

THE CITIZEN was somewhat astonished to find the following sensational cablegram in the daily papers of Wednesday:

"London, May 8.—There was an exciting scene in the house of commons this afternoon. Just as the chief secretary for Ireland, Mr. John Morely, had finished his speech discussing the bill to repeal the crimes acts, O'Donovan Rossa, the well-known Irish agitator from New York, arose from a seat in the stranger's gallery and exclaimed: 'Mr. Speaker: An assasin's blow has been aimed at me in the house and a stain has been put on my name.'

"Rossa's remarks were greeted with loud shouts of 'Order!' The sergeant-at-arms summarily ejected Rossa from the house. At the time of the interruption the members did not know that it was Rossa who interrupted the proceedings, and when his identity became known the sensation increased. A previous speaker, it appears, had alluded in uncomplimentary terms to O'Donovan Rossa, and it was this which caused him to enter a protest from the gallery. Rossa was marched off the premises by the bluecoats, who warned him not to show his face there again. The bill to repeal the crimes act was read for the second time without division."

We are unable to imagine, if the cable statement is correct, why O'Donovan Rossa should roost in the gallery of the English house of commons, and, further, why anything an English member of parliament might say against him should make him mad. Now, indeed, if such a member had been making a speech in his praise we could imagine Rossa rising in his seat and yelling wildly, "Hold! enough!" Verily times are changing when Rossa grows angry about trifles."

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

An Irish soldier of the United States garrison at Fort Sheridan, who has deep interest in the Gaelic Athletic Association, has called our attention to the following portion of a correspondence which recently appeared in a Dublin paper:

"The Gaelic Athletic Association is today what Archbishop Croke made it in December, 1884. It is what the Most Rev. Dr. MacCormack, bishop of Galway, vigorously recommended at the meeting of the Gaelic League in January, 1894. It is the same association that at once won the fullest approval of the most cultured and patriotic priests in Ireland at its inception and that still commands their approval. The tone of Irish life has been raised by the Gaelic Athletic Association among the toiling masses, among the children who witness our games, and among the lazy, the indolent, and all but brutalized loungers of towns and cities. Why should such an admirable and elevating association not spread all over Ireland in half a year? Why should the rules not be given in Irish for the benefit of Irish speakers, and for furthering the parent movement for the preservation and extension of the national language? Why do boys at school or leaving school not form clubs after the manner of old Uncle Remus? Why not form something approaching a Boys' Brigade, wear Irish jerseys, with the titles of their clubs in Irish characters, as the Dean Swifts of Dublin? Why not at once get into an association in which everybody speaks freely and familiarly with everybody else without any of the strait-laced introductions that stiffened and stilted our intercourse in pre-Gaelic years? Why not form branches of an association that brings tens of thousands of young men together from every county in Ireland, to converse freely on one subject that is dear and common to all, and to weld the people into one solid, homogenous mass that will justify our saying that we have Ireland a manly and united nation? Furthermore, what Dean White and Father Glynn, of Nenagh, did through the Galeic Athletic Association last year when they netted £50 to form the nucleus of a fund for the purchase of a library, can be done in every town of its size in Ireland, and the brains of the Gaels will be developed with their bones and muscles."

We beg leave to remark that the questions propounded and the reasons given by our Dublin contemporary would fit equaly well in this country.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"W. M. Houlihan," City.—To the best of our information, the Hon. John P. Hopkins, late mayor of Chicago, was born in Buffalo, N.Y., about thirty-four years ago. His father was a native of the county Mayo, Ireland.

We deeply regret to have to announce the sudden death, from heart failure, of Mrs. Quirk, wife of Col. James Quirk, late of the Twenty-third Illinois Volunteers, which occurred at her Washington boulevard residence on Monday. The funeral, owing to illness in the family, was private.

Of the 500 men, or thereabout, dropped by order of Chief Badenoch from the police force, about 400 bear Irish names. The Scotch claymore has chopped off their heads as if they were thistles. Bad enough for Badenoch; or was it "the terrible Swift sword?"

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

An important meeting of the Gaelic Athletic Association was held Tuesday evening at 79 South Clark street, P. F. Guerin, president, in the chair. Ten clubs have affilliated. There will be eight football teams on the field this season. The schedule of games for the season was adopted as follows:

May 19—Emmets vs. Innisfails, Sarsfields vs. O'Mahonys (H.)
May 26—Davitts vs. Grattans, Innisfails vs. Shermans (H).
June 2—O'Connels vs. Sarsfields, Liberators vs. Parnells.
June 9—Emmets vs. Grattans, Innisfails vs. Sarsfields (H).
June 16—O'Connels vs. Liberators, Innisfails vs. Davitts.
June 23—Sarsfields vs. Parnells, Sheridans vs. O'Mahonys (H).
June 30—Open.
July 7—Emmets vs. Davitts, Innisfails vs. Grattans.
July 14—O'Connels vs. Parnells, Sarsfields vs. Sheridans (H).
July 21—Sarsfields vs Liberators, Innisfails vs. O'Mahonys (H).
July 28—Emmets vs. O'Connells.
Aug. 4—Innisfails vs. Parnells, Sarsfields vs. O'Mahonys (H).
Aug. 11—Open.
Aug. 18—Davitts vs. Sarsfields, Grattans vs. Liberators.
Aug. 25—Innisfails vs. Sheridans (H).
Sept. 1—Emmets vs. Liberators, Innisfails vs. Sarsfields.
Sept. 8—Davitts vs. Parnells, Sarsfields vs. Sheridans (H).
Sept. 15—O'Connells vs. Grattans.
Sept. 22—Innisfails vs O'Mahonys (H).
Sept. 29—Open.
Oct. 6—Emmets vs. Parnells, Sarsfields vs. Innisfails (H).
Oct. 13—Innisfails vs. Liberators, Davitts vs. O'Connells.
Oct. 20—Sarsfields vs. Grattans, O'Mahonys vs. Sheridans (H).
Oct. 27—Emmets vs. Sarsfields.
Nov. 3—Innisfails vs. O'Connells, Davitts vs. Liberators.
Nov. 10—Grattans vs. Parnells.
Nov. 17—Open.

H stands for hurling and refers to the game immediately preceding; the others are football.

Aug. 11 is left open for the return hurling contest between the Shamrocks of St. Louis and the Innisfails of Chicago. On Sept. 29 there will be general athletic contests, such as running, jumping, weight-throwing, etc.

Next Sunday the Shamrocks and Innisfails are to play for the championship of 1894. The Thistles and Braidwoods of the Chicago Association will also play a championship game, and there will be a highly interesting hurling contest between the North and West Sides, represented by the Innisfails and Sarsfields, and the South Side represented by the O'Mahonys and Sheridans.

The grounds at 39th street and Wentworth avenue are in excellent condition; a new stand has been erected, and everything bids fair for a successful season.

OBITUARY.

COL. J. G. RYAN.

After spending nearly twenty years of his life in an effort to secure redress for the murder of his brother, Col. John George Ryan, a Chicago lawyer, died at 7 o'clock last Monday morning at the residence of Mrs. E. A. Shannon, No. 2537 Halsted street. Death was sudden, the effect of heart disease. Col. Ryan had been indisposed for several days, and early on the morning of his death he arose from a sick bed to attend to business for a client. It is believed that this effort aggravated his trouble and hastened his death. He was seized with severe pains about the heart, but he told Mrs. Shannon that he would be relieved soon. A few minutes later the last paroxysm seized him.

Col. Ryan was a brother of Gen. Ryan, who led the Americans in Cuba at the Virginius massacre, twenty years ago, and was killed. The murder became an affair of the government, and to avoid international complications the Spanish government agreed to pay to Gen. Ryan's family an indemnity of $10,000. Col. Ryan made repeated efforts to have the claim recognized by the United States government, and recently was engaged in preparing legal papers relating to the collection of the money which were to be forwarded to the state department in Washington.

Col. Ryan was born in Toronto fifty-four years ago. The family moved to the United States, and when the civil war broke out the two boys were among the first to shoulder muskets. Gen. Ryan followed the fortunes of the blue, but Col. Ryan, the younger brother, wore the gray. He was then in the western country, and most of his service was under Gen. Price. In the various contests in Missouri and Arkansas he took an active part, and he was severely wounded so often that it became a common saying among his comrades that in water he would sink from the weight of the lead he carried. The brothers were never pitted against each other in an engagement and they took great delight in recounting army experiences. The funeral took place last Wednesday and was largely attended.

MRS. CATHERINE FLANAGAN.

The death of Mrs. Catherine Flanagan, beloved wife of William Flanagan, which occurred on Sunday last at their residence, No. 3014 Poplar avenue, was a severe blow to her family and her host of friends. She had been ailing for some months, but no one expected the end was so near. It is difficult to wring from the English language expressions descriptive of her many qualities. Charity in expression as in deed, was a dominant element in her character. It was heartrending to witness the grief of her husband and five daughters. Mrs. Flanagan was born on the historic plains of Kildare, Ireland, within the shadow of the famous round tower of St. Bridget's abby, and near also to Bodenstown, the last resting place of Wolfe Tone. Her mind was beautifully stored with anecdotes of Irish history, which she could recount with a vividness given to few women. Coming from the noblest stock of people, "The Dunns of Kildare," she inherited those undying principles of nationality which for centuries rendered her people famous. The funeral took place last Tuesday, and was a splendid tribute to her memory. Solemn mass was celebrated at St. Bridget's church, after which the cortege proceeded by carriages to Calvary cemetery, where the remains of a loving wife and mother and a noble specimen of Irish womanhood were interred. The pallbearers were Messrs. D. O'Toole, J. S. Scott, J. Donnellan, J. H. McDermott, P. Bracken and J. Bermingham.

J. D.

MORNING ON THE IRISH COAST.

BY JOHN LOCKE.*

Than-a-mo Dhia! but there it is!
The dawn on the hills of Ireland—
God's angels lifting the night's black veil
From the fair, sweet face of my sire-land!
O Ireland! isn't it grand you look,
Like a bride in her rich adornin',
And with all the pent up love of my heart,
I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

This one brief hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of mourning;
I'd almost venture another flight,
There's so much joy in returning—
Watching out for the hallowed shore,
All other attractions scornin';
O Ireland, don't you hear me shout?
I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

Ho, ho! upon Cleena's shelving strand,
The surges are grandly beating;
And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
To give us the kindly greeting;
In to the shore the sea birds fly
On pinions that know no drooping,
And out from the cliffs with welcome charged
A million of waves come trooping.

O kindly, generous Irish land,
So leal, and fair, and loving,
No wonder the wandering Celt should think
And dream of you in his roving!
The alien home may have gems and gold,
Shadows may never have gloomed it,
But the heart will sigh for the absent land
Where the love light first illumed it!

And doesn't old Cove look charming there,
Watching the wild waves' motion,
Leaning her back up against the hills,
And the tips of her toes in the ocean!
I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells—
Ah, maybe their chimin's over,
For it's many a year since I began
The life of a western rover!

For thirty summers, asthore machree,
Those hills I feast my eyes on
Ne'er met my vision, save when they rose
Over memory's dim horizon;
E'en so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed
In the landscape spread before me;
But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope
To see Texas' skies still o'er me.

And, often upon the Texas plains,
When the day and the chase were over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the watery wave
And around this coast line hover!
And the prayer would rise, that some future day
All danger and doubting scornin',
I might help to win for my native land
The light of young liberty's mornin'.

Now fuller and truer the shore line shows,
Was ever a scene so splendid?
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze—
Thank God my exile's ended!
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
The vale and cot I was born in!
O Ireland! up from my heart of hearts,
I bid you the top of the mornin'!

*The incident which prompted the writing of the following lines was related to me by a friend on his return from a visit to Ireland. On the voyage eastward, my friend made the acquaintance of an old Irishman, who, in his frank and candid way, told him that he had been thirty years residing in "the States," and that he was then going home to spend the evening of his life in the old land, amid the scenes of his boyhood. The old man's deep anxiety to see Ireland once more made my friend take a special interest in him. The night before the boat reached the Irish shore, they both remained on deck, and as the morning broke, they were rewarded for their weary vigil by beholding the dim outlines of the Irish coast. The sight awakened the old man's slumbering enthusiasm, and his first impassioned exclamation was: "The top o' the morning to you, Ireland alanna!"

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

FONTENOY.

Interesting Review of the 150th Anniversary of the World Famed Battle, Where Ireland, for Once, Got Even With England.

Details of the Great Conflict in Which Irish Prowess Played So Important a Part.

What Lally de Tollendal Said to His Men as He Led Them to the Fateful Charge.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

moment's pause, an instant's thought, and their

Hurrah, boys, the morning of battle has come,
And the reveille's beating on many a drum;
Then outward they sally to join the parade,
For the van is the right of the Irish Brigade.

Just as the sun arose Saxe (who from severe illness was carried in a litter), accompanied by the King, the Dauphin, and a large number of nobles of France appeared, riding to the headquarters, and as the banner emblazoned with the golden lilies floats out on the morning air, both it and the Allies are saluted by a hundred guns, which are promptly answered by the enemy, and the battle of Fontenoy has begun.

From the royal camp a complete view of the field spread out like a map before the eye, and Louis, who was no carpet knight, gazed with feelings of martial pride on the chivalry of his kingdom, as in "all the pride and pomp and circumstance of glorious war" they prepared to fight for the glory of La Belle France. To the Prince de Waldeck and his renowned Dutch infantry is assigned the task of assaulting the French right, and most gallantly do his imperturbable battalions obey his call. Marching with admirable steadiness, looking straight to the front at the low line of redoubts, they advanced. A grim and ominous silence pervaded the French lines until the Dutch arrived within point-blank range, and then a long sheet of flame followed by a hurricane of shot burst full in their faces, plowing wide lanes through their solid ranks. Again and again came that pitiless storm of death, and as often the Dutch officers rallied their men to battle. All in vain, and broken and shattered the decimated regiments rolled to the rear. Here they were reinforced by the English battalions, and advanced again, but with no better success, and they were ordered back out of range. It was at this important juncture that Lally's clear heroism shone forth. The success of the Dutch attack would have turned the the French right flank, cut off their retreat, maybe resulting in the capture of the King himself, and adding another Crecy to the list of English victories and French defeats. The Dutch defeat was caused by the guns which were placed there at Lally's suggestion. Thus Irish military genius saved the French army in the very beginning of the battle.

While these movements were in progress the English general Ingoldsby was ordered to carry the redoubt at the edge of De Barry's wood; for some reason this was a complete failure, for which he was afterwards courtmartialed. Thus far the French lines were unshaken, but

THE CRISIS WAS FAST APPROACHING.

Cumberland had discovered the open space "betwixt the wood and Fontenoy" which, as already pointed out, was the centre of Saxe's position, and he wisely resolved to make a supreme effort at that point; success there would not only retrieve the defeat of the Dutch battalions in the morning, and the disgraceful English fiasco of Ingoldsby at the Wood of Barry, but it would cut in twain the French line and enable him to fight the dismembered fragments in detail. This was one of Napoleon's favorite movements; MacDonald's magnificent rupture of the Austrian battle line at Wagram under the direction of the great Emperor, is a superb and familiar example. Now, though Cumberland was neither a Napoleon nor a MacDonald, and possessed but few of the qualities of a great captain, it must be conceded that his plan was well-timed, bold, and skillful. Without unduly weakening his flanks he massed a heavy column of English infantry, reinforced by some Hanoverian regiments, and added to them twenty pieces of artillery. And here I cannot avoid a criticism on Davis' splendid ballad of Fontenoy. The second stanza begins, "Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread." This is a great error, and how such a master of history as Davis committed it is a mystery to me. Lecky says, "The Dutch gave way at an early period of the struggle, but the English and Hanoverians remained firm, and gradually forming into a solid column of about *16,000* men they advanced, through a narrow passage that was left between the fortified village of Fontenoy and the neighboring woods, full against the French centre." O'Callaghan in his invaluable "History of the Irish Brigades" writes thus: "The Duke of Cumberland, whose bravery that day merited the highest eulogium, at the head of a great column of 14,000 or 15,000 British and Hanoverian infantry, accompanied by twenty pieces of cannon, etc., etc.;" and Mitchel in his continuation of The Abbe MacGeoghegan's History of Ireland, puts it thus: "He (Cumberland) retired a space, rearranged his English and Hanoverians in three thin columns, which in the advance, under heavy fire from both sides were gradually crowded into one column of great depth, full 16,000 strong;" and in a footnote he adds "Davis in his ballad and his note on the battle, by some unaccountable oversight states it at 6,000." Davis was undoubtedly mistaken by between 1,000 and 10,000 men, and it is a great pity he was, as his ballad will be read and heard by thousands, where the dry facts of history will not be read by them. But now came

THE VERY CRISIS OF THE BLOODY STRUGGLE.

As we have stated, there was a rise in the ground from Fontenoy back towards the allied armies, then it descends somewhat abruptly. It was there hidden almost from the French fire that the wary English general formed his column. It was now high noon, as, full of the pride and courage of their race, the English march slowly and steadily up the hill. As the head of the column gains the apex of the divide, the magnificent panorama of the battlefield bursts upon their view. Almost directly in front they can see the flag of the Fleur-de-lis floating over the King's headquarters; that is their objective point, and they doubt not they will reach it. "But there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." The descent of the slope begins and then comes a galling fire from front and flank, but though many bite the dust the stubborn advance continues, "only pausing to fire and load."

Full in front in line of battle stood two battalions of Swiss, four of French guards and two other French regiments. As the English came within speaking distance, Lord Hay advances, hat in hand, and calls aloud, gentlemen of the French Guards, fire. The Count de Auteroche politely salutes the Englishman and assures him that it would be an unpardonable breach of etiquette for his men to fire first, and invites the English to fire, and they do, with such deadly effect that nearly 400 Frenchmen fall victims to this piece of Quixotic courtesy.* After a brief effort to stay the advancing enemy, the French retire. Hay seized the opportunity and pressed his advantage until he had passed the line of redoubts, and the movement to pierce the centre was successful. At this critical moment a vigorous attack was made by Waldeck's battalions, and a sortie in force on the French besiegers was directed which added greatly to the confusion already prevailing. Writing about this impending disaster the Marquis d'Argenson, who was present with the king, says: "There was one dreadful hour in which we expected nothing less than a renewal of the affair at Dettingen, our Frenchmen being awed by the steadiness of the English, and by their rolling fire, which was really infernal, and I confess to you is enough to stupefy the most unconcerned spectator. Then it was we began to despair of our cause." "And no wonder they began to despair," says O'Callaghan. Of their infantry, battalion after battalion of the regiments des Gardes Francaises, Gardes Suisses, d'Aubettine, du Roi, de Hainault, de Vaisseaux, de Normandie and others; of their cavalry, squadron after squadron, including those of the Gardes du Corps, Gensdarmerie, Carabineers, Regiment de Fitz-James, etc., gave way, shattered by the musketry or smashed by the cannon of that moving citadel of gallant men."

DEFEAT, DISASTER, ROUT

were now near at hand. Repeated orders were sent to the commanders in the redoubts to withdraw their guns and prepare for retreat. The batteries at Fontenoy had exhausted their supply of balls and were keeping up a show by firing blank cartridges, and in utter despair Saxe sent aide after aide to Louis, begging him to save his person and that of the dauphin and cross the Scheldt. This the king refused, being resolved to die among his intrepid soldiers. But in the midst of this bloody hurly-burly what had become of the Irish Brigade? There it stood idle since the reveille had roused it in the morning. We may well imagine the impatience which racked the minds of these gallant exiles who had left everything man holds dear on earth behind, for the one dear hope of meeting in deadly strife the wreckers of their homes and altars. In the tremendous wars France waged on every side, they had fought men of nearly every European nation, they had received plaudits and honors from the hands of royalty itself, all Europe resounded with their praise, and better still, their achievements were the daily theme of song and story in the huts and halls of Ireland. But what was all that compared to the stern joy of meeting the enemy face to face? For eight long hours the roar of artillery and rattle of musketry made the earth tremble beneath their feet. Bugles, sounding the en avant or retreat, were heard incessantly, the hoarse words of command and the ringing cheers of the combatants filled the air, regiment after regiment was hurried to the front and returned broken and decimated, and yet they were left idle and uncalled for. Had the king, had Saxe lost confidence in them, or were they of so little account as to be forgotten? Would victory or defeat come before they were ordered to the front? The very thought was maddening.

THE SWISS GUARDS,

whose position was on the Irish right, (between it and the open space through which the English column was forcing its way) began to crowd towards their left, thus causing the Brigade to take ground to its left; simultaneously with this pressure came wild rumors that it was caused by an English force which had broken through the centre and was marching direct for the king's headquarters. If this was true it meant defeat, and that they were cheated out of what they had waited for through many a weary year. It required all the influence of their brave officers to restrain them from rushing pell mell towards where they could hear the accursed shouts of English victory. How long they could have thus held them there was no time to tell, for just then, bursting through the thick battle-smoke, as if fired from a cannon's mouth, with loosened rein and bloody spur, bareheaded, breathless and wildly gesticulating with his sabre, a horseman comes at full gallop. It was Lally! who, chafing with the same impatience which animated his men, had ridden hither and thither and discovered four field pieces which seemed to have been forgotten by everybody, reported the same to the Duc de Richelieu, and also that the Irish Brigade were chafing like chained tigers to get at their English enemies. Richelieu, like the dishonest courtier he was, spurred to the king and repeated Lally's idea as if it was his own. Louis saw the chance and approved of it. Orders were instantly sent to countermand the previous orders to evacuate the redoubts and to trust the fate of the day to the heroism of the Irish Brigade. Instinctively the boys knew their time had come, and before Lally had given the orders to O'Brien of Thomond, every man was in his place and every officer was in his saddle.

"Oh prized as is the blessing
From an aged father's lip,
As welcome as the haven
To tempest-driven ship;
As prized as by the lover
The smile of gentle maid,
Is this hour of long-sought vengeance
To the swords of the Brigade."

To gain their assigned position the march was by the right flank, and also slightly to the rear, to avoid the debris of several regiments which were hurrying out of the fire, and as the fifes and drums played the enlivening strains of the "White Cockade," Ireland's martial sons stepped forth as gaily as if they were bent for a wedding instead of a battle-field. "Halt! Halt!" rang along the lines, and then "Front face." Ha, there they are, the ancient, the detested English, square in their front, and halt, halt, comes like an echo from their ranks; they know now what they have to expect. There is no foolery now as to who shall fire first, it is war to the death, animated by the insensate hatred the oppressor always feels for the oppressed, the English dressed their ranks to meet the coming shock, while the Irish troops, thirsting for vegeance for the countless wrongs they and theirs had suffered, waited eagerly for the blessed word which would let them loose at the enemy. And it came. Lally's voice, ringing high above the din of war, shouted to his regiment, "March against the enemies of France and yourselves without firing until you have your bayonet-points at the Englishmens' bellies!" He knew that was their tenderest spot. One volley from the four field pieces against Cumberland's twenty, a word from the heroic descendant of "Brian the Brave," and

"Like lions springing at a fold when
mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line, the
Irish exiles sprang."

A deadly volley at short range bursts from the English lines, and it is their last; with one mad rush the Irish braves are upon them, a wild roar of hatred drowns the cannons' thunder, "Vengeance! Remember Limerick! Down with the Sassenach!" A cloud of smoke hides the combatants from the eager, anxious gazers in the king's bivouac. They can hear the yells of rage and hatred, which, commingled with the deadly clink of steel, are borne on the evening breeze to their ears. There is hope in the sounds of strife as they recede from the French lines and ascend the slope down which the mighty English column had marched in insolent triumph an hour ago. To Saxe and Louis it seems an hour since the Gael and the Saxon met on that bloody hillside, and aide after aide is hurried off to ascertain what they cannot see. One after another they disappear in the clouds of smoke, and before they have time to return a brisk breeze rolls away the curtain which hides the awful tragedy from view, and instantly bursts upon their astonished and delighted eyes the most glorious scene that ever greeted warrior's sight. Far up the hill, broken and dismembered, the English column is doggedly retreating, with the Irish hanging on their disordered rear like hungry wolves. Even at that distance it is evident that the self-sufficient Britons feel the disgrace of retreating before a third of their number, and that third being "mere Irish," on whom they affect to look down with contempt, and stung by the feeling of wounded pride they face about with fixed bayonets to stay their fierce assailants. As often as such a desperate stand is made, the Irish veterans, with renewed energy, spring forward with levelled bayonets also; for an instant there is a terrific struggle; "Remember Limerick," rings out again, and leaving the ground covered with dead and wounded, the Saxon yields to Celt, and the retreat goes on. Fifteen of the twenty field pieces with which the English column started are now silenced and on their way to the rear, the Second Regiment of foot-guards was almost annihilated, their battle-flags and two pieces of horse artillery are among the trophies of Bulkeley's Irish regiment. At length, utterly unable to withstand the

TREMENDOUS CHARGE OF THE IRISH BAYONETS,

for it was with this weapon (which is said to be a favorite with the English) that the victory was won, the English reached the brow of the hill and rolled down the other side, in utter defeat, not daring to make another stand. Here the pursuit is taken up by voltigeurs, tiraleurs, light cavalry, anything can keep them going now, so completely has the pride and courage been beaten out of them by the Brigade, and there, on the apex of the slope, looking down on their conquered foes, is Davis' superb battle-picture realized:

"On Fontenoy! On Fontenoy! like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand; the field is fought and won."

No language can describe the tumult of joy which shook the French army at their marvelous rescue from what seemed complete ruin. Bearded veterans ran and embraced like women, while tears of happiness streamed down their war-worn faces. Well indeed might it look miraculous, for from the first volley of the English at their Irish foes, until their final retreat, only ten minutes (according to the French minister, who was present) elapsed. But it was a fearful ten minutes. The victorious Irish Brigade lost a full third of its number, including several of its most valiant officers. Louis XV., Saxe and their brilliant staffs rode to the Irish bivouac and literally showered crosses, commissions and promotions on the officers, and increased the pay of the entire Brigade. The allies lost 7,767 men, of these 4,041 were British, which shows the fearful havoc the veterans of the Brigade made among them. They also lost forty cannon and great quantities of small arms and ammunition, and as a direct consequence of their defeat the English and their allies surrendered the following fortified towns: Tournay, Ghent, Bruges, Oudenarde, Dendermonde, Ostend, Nieuport and Ath. An immense magazine of clothing and equipments was found in Ghent, and by direction of the king the entire stock was given gratis to the six regiments of the Brigade. All France gave itself up to fetes and celebrations, as if a second Joan of Arc had rescued the nation again from its natural enemy. In England there was wrath, mourning, courtmartial, anger, hatred and general humiliation. At home in Ireland the people felt as we do today, and they prayed as we

Pray to God to grant us,
And then we'll die with joy,
Another day in Ireland
Like that at Fontenoy.

*Mr. Morrison repeats here a very well exploded story. John Mitchel, in his continuation of McGeoghegan's history, gives the facts, as resurrected by Carlyle. In a letter to a relative, Lord Hay says, in substance, that when he came within hailing distance of the French, he saluted and said, "We are the English Guards; but, pray, wait till we come close up to you and don't swim the Scheldt, as you did the Main at Dettingen." Then the fighting proceeded and there was no question as to precedence in the matter of firing.—ED.

GAELIC POETRY.

An t-Oig-fhear Craibhtheach.

Tabac ni chaithim, a's deoch ni dóim,
(Is ag fághail bháis tá mé le méad mo mhaithis!)
Cartaidhe ni imrim, a's bean ni phógaim,
(Ni oireann áit dam ach lár na bh-faithean!)

Leabhar ni léighim acht leabhar diadha,
Ni ghabhaim abhrán acht abhrán cóir;
(Adeir mo chairde gur mór an t-longnadh,
'S dar m'anam adeirim féin gur mór!)

Ni chaithim tabac—óir is nimhneach m'fhiachais;
Ni ólaim deoch—óir is tinn mo chroidhe;
Ni imrim cártaidhe—óir táim gan airgiod;
'S an bhean do phógfainn—is fad uaim i.

Fuair mé mé féin ar an mbóthar caol sin
Agus leanaim de le sásughadh mór,
Leabhar ni léighim acht leabhar diadha,
'S ni ghabhaim abhrán acht abhrán coir.

—*Dublin Gaelic Journal.*

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

The meeting of the Irish-American Lyceum to be held at Columbia Hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets, next Monday evening, promises to be a grand success. The following programme has been decided upon, and is one that should insure a crowded house:

PART I.

Piano Solo.....Misses Kate and Madge Keating
Song (Selected).....Miss Bernadetta O'Hara
(Accompanied on piano by Miss Ruth O'Hara)
Recitation.....Henry G. Hill
Song—"My Queenly Island Home".....
.....Miss Nellie Keating
Reading (Selected).....Thomas J. Sherlock
Selection of Irish Airs on Violin.....
.....W. J. McCormack
Song—"The Pretty Girl With the Green Gown On".....P. F. Holden
Piano Solo.....Miss May M. O'Hanlon

PART II.

Continuation of Debate on "Should an Irish Congress be Held? If so, When and Where?"
Opening Remarks by the President, Mr. William Dillon.
Paper, "Reasons for Holding an Irish Congress," W. J. M'Cormack.
Paper, "Reasons for Not Holding an Irish Congress," J. J. Hanrahan.
Address, "A Congress of the Irish People Should be Held in Dublin," P. F. Holden.
Address, "A Congress of the Irish People Should be Held in the United States," L. Henely.
Extempore addresses by members of Lyceum.

Free admission tickets can be had from John J. Sherlock, secretary, 1 and 3 Dix street.

That Tired Feeling which is so common and so overpowering, is entirely driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes weakness.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c a box.

White Star Line.

Following is a list of the cabin passengers booked per White Star Line steamship Teutonic, sailing from New York May 8: Hon. John P. Hopkins, Harry Rubens, Miss Bertha Rubens, Edward Henry, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Vanswoll, Leopold Bloom, Herman Pollak, Miss L. Farwell, Miss Elizabeth Whitely, Miss Mate L. De La Mater, Col. and Mrs. James H. Sadler, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Poole, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Tindell, Mrs. Emma Wallace, Mrs. Winifred, Miss Alice Watson, George T. Stevenson, Mrs. Stevenson, Miss Hilda O. Johnston, Chicago; M. M. Hanna, Miss E. Evans, Denver; Mrs. E. N. Adams, Mrs. J. E. White, Mrs. W. H. Sewell, Milwaukee; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Soames, Winnipeg, Man.; Mrs. Emily Axon, Miss Eva Axon, Mason Axon, Ernest Axon, Trinidad; Emma Cuttiford, Miss E. C McCullough, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Edith Wyness, Omaha, Neb.

The Ghost of a Chance

Is a very shadowy affair. Ere the chance of recovery becomes a vanishing ghost, take a most potent means of overcoming the inactivity of the organs that terminates in their too frequently fatal disease, by resorting to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which gives just the requisite impulse to the renal organs to promote their vigorous action without exciting them, an effect too often produced by the fiery and unmedicated stimulants of commerce. Bright's disease, diabetes and inactivity of the bladder, are foes of terrible menace to the system. The inroads may, however, be stayed if they are met at the start and combatted with the Bitters. This fine and genial corrective also remedies malaria, dyspepsia, rheumatism, debility, nervousness and the infirmities incident to age. It hastens convalescence, and is promotive of sleep and appetite.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

"The Niagara Falls Route."

The Commissioner of Railroads of the State of Michigan gave, in his annual report for 1893, the following valuable and voluntary expert testimony to the character of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," from Chicago to New York, Boston and the East, after a careful inspection of the system:

"Nothing can be added in the way of favorable comment on this excellent line. The main line is as near perfection in the way of construction, appointments, service and able management as can be conceived in modern railroading. No skill or expenditure has been spared to make it the model railroad of the country. Improvements are constantly being added in the way of heavier and substantial construction, interlocking appliances, etc. The general appearance of the property, the symmetry of the grade, cleanliness of the right of way, station buildings with ornamental and well-kept grounds and perfect fences, attract special attention."

John O'Brien Lumber Co.

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES and MOULDINGS. Send for Delivered Price Lists. Correspondence Invited.

TWENTY-SECOND AND THROOP STS. TELEPHONE CANAL 65.

Take Blue Island or Centre-av. cars.

COOKE BREWING CO.,

27th St. and Cottage Grove Av.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

BREWERS AND BOTTLERS OF "COOKE'S IMPERIAL BEER."

This Beer was awarded the GOLD MEDAL, together with seven of the HIGHEST AWARDS, which the Cooke Brg. Co. received at World's Columbian Exposition, held at Chicago, Illinois, A. D. 1893. The Medals and Awards were received on the strength of the Chemical Analysis made by the U. S. Government Chemist, which is a guarantee to the public of its purity and healthful qualities.

7th Regt. Band, I. N. G.

John F. Forrest, Chief Musician.

MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

OFFICE, 151 RANDOLPH STREET,

Next to Hooley's Theatre. CHICAGO.

JAMES BURNS

ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.

Estimates for Cost of Construction Furnished Free of Charge.

183–189 Dearborn St., Rooms 601 and 602,

Adams Express Building, Chicago.

E. V. GANNON. E. J. AGNEW. C. L. AMBERG.

GANNON, AGNEW & AMBERG,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

SUITE 1411 ASHLAND BLOCK,

COR. CLARK & RANDOLPH STS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

JAMES MAHER,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.

79 Clark Street,

ROOM 14. CHICAGO.



No Cure. No Pay!

DR. KEAN

THE EMINENT SPECIAL PHYSICIAN.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

157 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

A. F. CONROY, D.D.S.

DENTIST.

122 Wabash Av., Cor. Madison St.

FIFTH FLOOR.

5 DAYS

7 Hours, 23 Minutes.

FASTEST TIME ON RECORD, BY THE OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD MAIL LINE.

The New Twin-Screw Steamships,

"LUCANIA" "CAMPANIA"

620 ft. Long, 12,950 Tons, 30,000 H.-P.

Positively the Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent in the World.

"Umbria" "Etruria" "Auranía" "Servia"

520 ft. Long, 2500 Tons, 14,500 Horse-power,

and other Floating Palaces, comprising an incomparable fleet of Fast-Express Passenger Steamers.

TWO AND THREE SAILINGS A WEEK.

ALL CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN.

SEND FOR YOUR FRIENDS

by this line, which has been running Over 54 Years and has Never Lost a Passenger.

Unequalled Second-Cabin and Steerage accommodations on all Steamers at moderate rates.

FREE USE of BEDDING and UTENSILS for all Steerage passengers.

F. G. WHITING, Ass't. N. W. Gen. Clark and Randolph St., Chicago.

GRAHAM & SONS, 124 W. Madison St., Chicago.

Business Directory.

Furniture.

SMITH, JOHN M.
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
150 to 166 West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S.
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal.
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6. per cord delivered
Office and Yard
203 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

Grocers.

HOGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

HIGHEST QUALITY OF ALL.

Columbia Bicycles



THE STANDARD FOR ALL.....

HAVE you feasted your eyes upon the beauty and grace of the 1895 Columbias? Have you tested and compared them with all others? Only by such testing can you know how fully the Columbia justifies its proud title of the Standard for the World. And the price is but $100

POPE MFG. CO. Hartford, Conn. BRANCHES: BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO PROVIDENCE BUFFALO

An Art Catalogue of these famous wheels and of Hartfords, $25 & $20, free at any Columbia Agency, or mailed for two 2-cent stamps.



SHOURDS, ADCOCK & TEUFEL,

STATE & RANDOLPH-STS.

Dealers in Diamonds,

AMERICAN WATCHES AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.

Established 1860.

DELANEY & MURPHY,

WHOLESALE

LIQUOR DEALERS.

10 & 12 Wabash Av,

CHICAGO

Kentucky Whisky Sold in Bond. Spanish and American Altar Wines a Specialty.

A VENETIAN MOONRISE.

No lingering line of light
Streaks the dull west with fire.
The myriad lips of night
Are vocal with desire.
And, lo, the radiant moon
Flowers from the black lagoon.

The Adriatic's bride,
Child of the shifting sea,
Lifts from the circling tide
Her olden majesty.
The moon's transmuting ray
Has glorified decay.

Afar the chiming joys
Of bells are skyward rolled,
While, petrellike, we poise
On ripples of pale gold.
An apotheosis
Of all youth's dreams is this.

As notes of music blent
In mellow harmonies fall
On listening ears intent,
So tower and dome and wall
Form to our wondering sight
A harmony of night.

—Clinton Scollard.

MY FIRST VOYAGE.

I sailed from the East India docks on Sept. 1, 1857, in the full rigged ship Duncan Dunbar, 1,874 tons, for Sydney. This vessel was named after her owner, who was so memorable a man in the history of British shipping that I cannot but pause a moment to refer to him.

To the eternal honor of Duncan Dunbar be it said that he began life as a rag and bottle merchant and worked with such energy and skill that he died possessed of more than two millions of English gold and the finest fleet of merchant ships at that time trading to all parts of the world from the river Thames. He was remarkable for his avarice, and many diverting stories of his cheeseparing struggles were current on board his own vessels.

Unlike the shipowner of today, who is with scarce an exception one of a company, Dunbar was the sole holder of his fleet. He died in 1861, and a portion of his great wealth went to Mr. Gellatly, a very kind, gentlemanly person, who had married the rich man's niece and for years managed his business down near the docks.

I went to sea as a midshipman in the merchant service. But this is a catchpenny term. Outside the royal navy there are no midshipmen. Consequently, as I did not ship as an apprentice, I must have signed articles as a boy simply.

I think the premium charged for the first voyage was 60 guineas. The outfit cost about 80. So that to send a lad on a voyage in those days was costlier to a parent than putting him to a first class school, where he would have got some education, perhaps learned good manners and probably acquired a taste for trade or one of the professions.

Certainly of the midshipman in the merchant service in my time not half remained at sea after the first voyage, and hardly a youth out of our numbers ever found a place upon the quarter deck, even in the laughably low capacity of fourth mate. Most of the captains and officers began as apprentices or rose from the forecastle.

I was 13 years and 7 months old when I went to sea and was undoubtedly too young for the vocation. I had no strength of body for the rough usage of the midshipman's berth. I was too tender to go aloft or to keep the deck through long, bitter nights.

I well remember the day and the hour when I stepped on board the Duncan Dunbar, in the East India docks. It was all wild confusion to my inexperienced gaze. Immediately after I had gained the ship she began to warp out of dock. Drunken seamen on the forecastle were shrieking and gesticulating to equally drunken people ashore. The waist and quarter deck were full of "lumpers," or "runners," elbowing crowds of weeping steerage passengers, shabbily dressed and clutching screaming infants.

Eight or nine midshipmen were running about the poop. I could merely hold on and look on. The confusion was complicated by noise. Every one seemed to be shouting, and nothing was at peace on board that frigate built ship, freighted to her chain plate bolts for the other side of the world, except her blue peter, signal of departure, blowing serenely at her foreroyal masthead.

No work seemed expected of me. It was required, however, that I should not get in the way. As I succeeded in getting very much in the way I was purposely knocked about, and when at last I was bowled down the poop ladder by a handsome rush of brass bound "third voyagers" I was glad to take refuge, with black eyes and streaming nose, in the midshipmen's berth.

This was, in that ship, a narrow compartment in the steerage under the quarter deck. You reached it by a manhole called the booby hatch, down which sank a perpendicular ladder. All was gloom and misery and evil smells when I went below for the first time, and for long afterward did this state of wretchedness last.

The emigrants were of the poorest and shabbiest. They were lodged in this part of the vessel, and they quarreled all the day, and their babies cried all night.

No one can imagine in this age of the steamship the sufferings which the emigrants underwent in the times of the sailing ship. They cooked their own food, and I have seen a crowd fighting like drunken seamen at the galley door for a place for their saucepans or kettles.

Not that the emigrant of today is a particularly well fed, well berthed man, but he is transported quickly. If his sufferings are keen, they are soon over. In my time they were uncommonly sharp, and they lasted four or five months.

The midshipman's berth was fitted with 12 bunks in double tiers. A narrow slip of table ran down the center. The edge of this table was like a saw from the action of the knives of the "young gentlemen," who used it for cutting up plug tobacco. Every bunk was to be filled this first voyage of mine, so that we were 12 midshipmen, worth some £700 for the voyage to the owner, irrespective of the value of our labor.

Moreover, each lad subscribed 10 guineas for what was termed mess money. So here was another £120 odd pounds to add to the cost of the hire of a dirty little sea parlor in the bowels of a ship stuffed with cargo, bulkheaded off in that part of her of which the emigrants made a Whitechapel alley.

A boy is young at 13½, and I felt myself to be a very little fellow indeed when I stood in the door of that midshipmen's berth, peering into the gloom with eyes brilliant with fear and astonishment. Was this to be my home until I returned to England? Was yonder rude shelf to replace the white, soft bed I had been used to? It was the middle of the day. Yet but for the flame of a sputtering lamp, dangling like a coffeepot from the center of the upper deck, it would have been difficult to see. In fact, this compartment was lighted by three scuttles, or portholes, only, round bullseyes of immensely thick glass, which were sunk low to the sea surface by the weight of the cargo, so that when our cabin was on the lee side these windows were always under water.

This is not an inviting picture I am drawing. It is the truth nevertheless. The apprentice nowadays goes to sea at much less cost and is far better used than was the heavily charged midshipman of my day. "Everything good comes when it's too late," murmurs poor, heartbroken little Jane Eyre when she rejects the coveted willow pattern plate. I have often wished that much of what is good on board ship nowadays had been invented in the rough fifties.

I should have been glad, for example, to be shipmates with double topsail yards. I hear of apprentices fed from the captain's table. I hear of apprentices instructed in navigation by the master and mates of the ship. Had it depended upon the captains I served under I never should have lifted a sextant to my eye.

I did not choose my bunk. It had been chosen for me. It was the most uncomfortable bunk in the berth. It was consistent with sea tradition, therefore, that the youngest and weakest should occupy it. On entering to look for it I found it an athwartships upper bunk. The lower bunk was to be occupied by a lad a little older than I, just a little stronger, and, like myself, a first voyager.

I knew my bed place by this token—to the bundle of bedding was attached a label bearing my name, "William Clark Russell, Midshipman, Ship Duncan Dunbar, E. I. D." But where was my chest—the chest that contained my clothes?

There were no chests in this berth, no place for such things—scarcely room, indeed, for a man's leg between the rows of bunks and the edge of the table. As I was going out a very tall, slim midshipman came in. His badge was dim, his buttons greenish. I, on the contrary, was most unhappily resplendent—a brand new sailor—and this old stager knew me at sight.

"What are you cruising about down here after?" said he.

"They gave me a black eye up stairs," said I.

"Up stairs, up stairs!" he roared. "There's no up stairs at sea, you guffy. Didn't you know that afore you shipped?"

"Didn't I know what?" said I innocently, for I did not understand him.

"Come here," said he. I approached him. He drew me close and plucked three hairs from my head. The pain was not very sharp, but this did not render the action the less brutally mean and unnecessary.

"If you don't pay attention," said he, "to what's said to you, you'll be bald before we're out of soundings. What are you mousing about down here for?"

"I am looking for my sea chest, sir," I answered, beginning to think this tall midshipman a great and important person aboard the ship.

Grasping me by the collar of my jacket and the seat of my trousers he raised me high and strode with me, thus pillared, into the 'tween decks.

"What's your name?" said he.

"Russell," said I.

"What a horrible name!" he exclaimed. "My name is Goole. How much better Goole sounds than Russell." He continued to hold me aloft. "What are your initials?" he asked.

"W. C. R."

"There you W. C. R., then!" said he. And he dumped me down as though I had been a sailor's bundle upon one of ten or a dozen sea chests, moored in all sorts of places in the steerage.

A midshipman's chest! It was called in my time "a hurrah's nest" because everything was always on top and nothing at hand. When I lift the lid of that chest in memory, I am visited by a faint, close smell of marine soap. I still possess the Bible I took with me, and the volume, like my memory, is haunted with that dim smell of marine soap in bars, by the impulse and influence of which I am able to see the ship, the gloomy 'tween decks, the midshipmen's berth, the patched figures of the emigrants as vividly as though I was aboard that vanished craft again.

I lift the lid of my sea chest, and what do I find? Some dozens of colored shirts, all so ungovernably stiff that I feel as unhappy as a turtle till they have been soaked; a great quantity of drill trousers, hard as the shirts, which had they been distended as the windsail is by the breeze, would have stood on end without a wearer.

In that chest were brass bound jackets and waistcoats, and black silk handkerchiefs for the making of streaming sailors' knots for the neck. In short, I was more ornamentally than usefully equipped, and before we were abreast of the Cape of Good Hope I should have been glad to exchange my finery for warm, homely pilot cloth and the plain underwear of the forecastle.

Mr. Goole, who looked as long to my youthful gaze as the mizzen royal yard, is the marine ogre of my first voyage, and in those distant memories he goes on pulling my hair, tweaking my nose, twisting my ears, punching my head, and in many other ways making himself a terror to me. Having dumped me down on my sea chest, he drove me up on the quarter deck, and thence on to the poop. What now followed I cannot clearly remember. I recollect being greatly scorned by the younger midshipmen, and pitied and protected by the third mate. But whether I pulled at a rope or did anything except get in the way of useful people while we were towing down to Gravesend I do not know.

It was a scene of enchantment, but not like something out of a fairy book, nor was it on the sweet side of magic. The liver colored river was crowded with craft of all sorts, stirring up chocolate colored froth as they drove astant through the Reaches. Our yards towered to the dingy heavens of the isle of Dogs. They were massive as a frigate's with the furled gear, and the ship looked like a frigate with her wide spread of shroud, large tops and short royal mastheads.

We anchored at Gravesend for the night, and all through that night I lay in my clothes in my bed and slept as deeply as if I had been drugged. I was awakened by a terrifying commotion.

"Tumble up—out you come! All hands unmoor ship!" The third mate stood in the door roaring out these unintelligible syllables. Then, observing that I did not make haste to jump up, the long legged ogre, Goole, dragged me out of my bed and ran me capless and bootless to the deck.

It was raining hard—a dark, sulky, sallow Thames morning. The crew were setting the topsails and bellowing like terrified men at the halyards. The captain, looking over the break of the poop, seeing me bareheaded and gaping up at the sails, told me to run below and put on my boots, cap and oilskins. I discovered my oilskins—after searching all about the steerage—under my mattress, but the leggings stuck to each other like cold wax, and I flung them down.

I put on the waterproof coat and returned on deck smelling like an oil can, but I do not think I did more, or was asked to do more than stare about me. The ship was again in tow of the tug. She carried single topsails, and those three lofty breasts rose white as snow to the crosstrees.

The rain sometimes drove with us, and sometimes it sheered astant. It was a weeping picture. Unspeakably melancholy did the gray waters of the Thames bank sides and flats appear in that drenched and leaden atmosphere. By and by the third mate, stepping up to me, said kindly, "What's your name?"

"William Clark Russell, sir."

"I am not a court of justice," said he, laughing. "I don't administer oaths. Russell, my sonny, come along down to breakfast," and with that the kindly creature—he was a shaggy Orkney islander, a grand, active young seaman of 20—gripping me with the hand of a bear, conveyed me below into the midshipmen's berth.

He took the head of the table. The "young gentlemen" sat upon the edges of their bunks on either side. An empty pickle case was passed along, and, top ended, served me for a seat.

A boy waited upon us. They called him the midshipmen's servant. He had been in a man-of-war and was the smartest little sailor lad I can recollect. He danced the hornpipe charmingly, was liberally tattooed over the arms and chest, walked with the flowing and knowing roll of the brine seasoned tar, and was, I think, about 15 years old.

He put a great dish of huge brown steaks upon the table, and then brought pots of coffee, and loaves of bread, and salt butter, and we fell to amid a great noise of talk and clanking of cheap cutlery upon tin plates. I began to feel that I was seeing life and going to be a man.

But all at once, the river having by this time opened into wide water, with the weight of the swell of the still distant North sea beating like a delicate pulse in it, the ship slightly pitched. I dropped my knife and fork and turned pale.

She pitched again, and this time I pitched with her amid the mingled laughter and wrath of the rest of the young gentlemen at breakfast. Fortunately there were three other "first voyagers," all of whom were quickly "taken worse."—W. Clark Russell in Youth's Companion.

Mark Twain on Shipboard.

Mark Twain looks upon a journey across the ocean much as another man might look upon crossing the East river on a ferryboat. The humorist enjoys the ocean and the life of idleness which is enforces on one. He does not know what it is to be sick, and after his own fashion he has a good time. This "fashion" is more pleasing to himself than to any one who happens to share his stateroom, as did a friend of mine recently. This friend told me that he never crossed the ocean with a man who stuck closer to his stateroom.

When the genial Mark awakens, usually about 7 o'clock, he reaches out for his pipe and book and begins to smoke and read. He keeps this up until about 11 in the morning, when he calls for his morning coffee, which he takes while in his berth. Then he smokes and reads again until about 1, when he begins to write. At 5 he stops long enough to dress, take a turn around the deck, and goes to the saloon for his dinner. This is the only time of the day when the passengers see him. After dinner he takes a stroll on the deck, goes back to his stateroom, undresses and begins to read and smoke once more, which he keeps up steadily until far into the night.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Bad For the Teeth.

The practice of taking hot and ice cold drinks, especially when alternated at short intervals, as when hot coffee or tea and ice water are taken at meals, the careless use of the toothpick, which often irritates and wounds the gums and causes them to recede, the too free use of artificial sweets and the use of tobacco are all causes for the decay of the teeth. The most potent cause, however, says an authority, is the lack of natural exercise of chewing, which will bring to them a sufficient blood supply to keep them solid and sound.—New York Telegram.

HOW TO AVOID COLDS.

A CLAIM THAT THEY ARE LARGELY DUE TO FLANNELS.

Have Your Underclothing Light and Loose and Keep Up Your Natural Heat—Colds Are Responsible For a Great Deal of Illness and Should Not Be Overlooked.

A physician who has given much thought to the hygiene of clothing has come to the conclusion that many deaths are caused by heavy woolen undercloth-ing.

It can be proved that flannels are often the cause of severe colds. To have a cold is to be in a diseased condition, and that means a loss of vitality and a shortening of life. It may even mean sudden death.

One can easily demonstrate in one's own person on a small scale the ill effects of excessive flannels. Bind your hand in thick woolen bandages and leave it in that condition for a night. In the morning you will find it damp and flabby, the pores all open. It is in the most susceptible condition for catching cold. If the whole body were brought to the same state, the result of exposure to cold air would inevitably be disastrous.

That the whole body is often brought to a nearly similar condition is certain. The majority of people during the winter incase themselves in heavy, tight woolen or flannel garments. These provoke perspiration and do not absorb it. The result is that the wearer's skin is hot, damp and highly susceptible to the inflammatory effects of cold. A slightly lowered temperature can hardly fail to bring on a cold.

Heavy woolen underclothing is able to do all the more harm because it has the weight of ancient domestic tradition. Few people dare to be wiser than their grandmothers. Woolen underclothing, according to modern experience, should be as light as is consistent with comfort. There are many persons who go through the winter healthily in cotton underwear, and these are probably the most fortunate class of the population. But the warmth preserving qualities of wool are not to be ignored.

One of its great properties is that it is a bad conductor of heat. The heat of the body, therefore, is not given out by it. It also does not stick to the skin and does not absorb perspiration freely. This is a quality of doubtful value. While it is agreeable not to have your underclothing glued to your skin it is injurious to carry a deposit of moisture which may become cold and do harm in all parts of the body.

The object, therefore, should be to wear underclothing which does not cause excessive perspiration. It should be light and loose. Wool is apparently the best material for the majority of people.

The subject of colds receives too little attention. Many people are resigned to the perpetual possession of them. They should be regarded as disease dangerous, offensive and unclean. Patent medicine advertisements print eloquent descriptions of their final effects. These remarks are applicable to those who have neglected themselves too long and are fit subjects for the hospital or prolonged medical treatment. A wise attention to clothing and, the general health is more valuable than all remedies and treatment.

Colds are probably the chief cause of illness and disease among human beings. They give little trouble to animals, who wear no clothing. Arguing from these facts, some enthusiasts would say that the less clothing you wear and the more you expose yourself the healthier you will be.

But a state of civilization of considerable antiquity has made it necessary for man to preserve his natural heat by artificial means. It is not permissible to abandon clothing entirely in this country. Nor is it advisable to wear as little as the public authorities will permit during an American winter.

Neither warm clothing nor artificial heat will satisfactorily replace the natural heat of the body. To preserve this should be the first aim of all who wish to avoid colds. Good food, fresh air and exercise are obviously the principal means.

In the care of the body the skin should take an important place. As far as colds are concerned it is all important, because they rarely occur unless the skin is in a certain condition.

When the pores of the skin are opened, the cold air enters where it is not wanted and causes an inflammation. In cold weather the pores should be closed.

Cold water is an excellent vehicle for closing the pores. The weight of experience seems to prove that it is better to use warm water first. Much depends on the individual constitution.

The warm water cleanses and softens the skin and relieves the body of superfluous moisture, the frequent source of colds. Following this, the cold water will close the pores and put the skin in a sound, normal condition. No one should stay in cold water long enough to feel discomfort.—New York World.

Just Like a Man.

Mrs. Somebody, who lives in Thirteenth street, has an infant son who is just beginning to walk. Last week he fell down stairs, so his mother bought a gate to put at the top of the stairs. There is a little metal socket screwed to each side of the stairs, and the gate fits into these. It was put up one day—Wednesday, I think. It was Mr. Somebody's night at the lodge, and Mrs. Somebody remembered after he had left the house that he had not been told of the gate. She was so exercised for fear he would fall over it when he came in that she sat up for him. He was late, very late, and she was very tired. And yet when he did come, and realized how devotedly she had waited up in order to save him a tumble, what do you think the heartless man said?

"Why, my dear," said he, "why didn't you just lift the gate out?"

Wasn't that just like a man!—Washington Post.

Two Rhymes.

Sir William Drummond, finding himself one evening outside a tavern—perhaps the historic Mermaid—peeped in to see if by any chance a "wit combat," as Fuller has it, was in progress. One of the company spied him and dragged him into the room, where he found assembled round the table Ben Jonson, Michael Drayton, Sir Robert Kerr and Sir William Alexander. In such excellent company he passed several hours, and when the time came to pay the reckoning the company fell to rhyming about it. Of all the rhymes the following by Sir William Drummond was voted the best:

I. Bopeep,
Saw you four sheep,
And each of you his fleece.
The reckoning is five shilling;
If each of you be willing,
It's fifteen pence apiece.

More than 100 years afterward Allan Cunningham tells this story of Robert Burns. Strolling one day in Cumberland, the poet lost his friends, and thinking to find them at a certain tavern he popped his head in at the door. Seeing no one there but three strangers, he apologized and was about to retire when one of the strangers called out, "Come in, Johnny Peep." This invitation the convivial poet readily accepted and spent a very pleasant time with his newly found companions. As the conversation began to flag it was proposed that each should write a verse and place it together with two and six under the candlestick, the best poet to take the half crowns, while the unsuccessful rhymers were to settle the bill among them. According to Cunningham, Burns obtained the stakes by writing:

Here am I, Johnny Peep;
I saw three sheep,
And these three sheep saw me.
Half a crown apiece
Will pay for their fleece,
And so Johnny Peep goes free.

—London Standard.

What Makes a Good News Reporter.

One of the best reporters I ever knew was a man who could not spell four words correctly to save his life, and his verb did not always agree with the subject in person and number, but he always got the fact so exactly, and he saw the picturesque, the interesting and important aspect of it so vividly that it was worth another man's while, who possessed the knowledge of grammar and spelling, to go over the report and write it out. Now, that was a man who had genius. He had a talent the most indubitable, and he got handsomely paid, in spite of his lack of grammar, because, after his work had been done over by a scholar, it was really beautiful.

But any man who is sincere and earnest, and not always thinking about himself, can learn to be a good reporter. He can learn to ascertain the truth. He can acquire the habit of seeing. When he looks at a fire, what is the most important thing about that fire? Here, let us say, are five houses burning. Which is the greatest? Whose store is that which is burning, and who has met with the greatest loss? Has any individual perished in the conflagration? Are there any very interesting circumstances about the fire? How did it occur? Was it like Chicago, where a cow kicked over a spirit lamp and burned up the city? All these things the reporter has to judge about. He is the eye of the paper, and he is there to see which is the vital fact in the story and to produce it, tell it, write it out.—Charles A. Dana in McClure's Magazine.

Professor Loomis' Good Shot.

The Hon. F. D. Allen possesses a unique souvenir of his college days at Yale of which he is justly proud, and which he treasures very carefully. It is only a plain bit of cardboard with a hole in the center, but it has a history, for it is a memorial of the expert marksmanship of Professor Loomis, the famous mathematician.

One day in the classroom Professor Loomis, in illustrating the principle of the air gun, shot at the card as a target across the room. The old gentleman was a bit proud of his skill and the boys knew it. Were he ever to miss his aim, they would be extremely delighted, and on this occasion they thought they had caught him at last, for the second time he shot at the card it was apparent that no other hole had been made in it. The class had of course assumed that the card had not been hit and laughed mirthfully at the professor. But the latter quietly picked up the little target and called attention to the fact that the original perforation was now enlarged, the second missile having struck the edge of the hole first made.

There was never any doubt after that about Professor Loomis being a crack shot, and Frank Allen esteemed himself lucky in securing the card. That was over 20 years ago, and he has the card yet.—Boston Record.

Covers For Dainty Books.

Useful as well as ornamental covers for books and magazines may be made out of linen, silk or brocade, and subsequently decorated, writes Florence Barrett in The Ladies' Home Journal.

How to protect the lovely covers of an edition de luxe while we read and enjoy the book is answered by these temporary covers. For George Eliot's "Romolo" bound in white and gold, make one of scarlet moire, with the name "Romolo," and the design on the cover repeated in gold thread. For Browning bound in white and stamped with sweet peas, an appropriate cover would be gray moire, on which is embroidered a branch of apple blossoms with a tiny brown thrush on the branch. For the poets a line from their works—from Longfellow, for instance:

The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf.

For Hood:

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the book of nature
Getteth shorn of leaves.

For Scott:

I cannot tell how the truth may be.
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

HE RIDICULED SOCIETY.

Effect of a Famous Parlor Entertainer's Satires Upon England's "Upper Ten."

Almost romantically sad were the deaths of, first, Mr. Alfred German Reed, then Corney Grain, then Mrs. German Reed, who, with her husband, started the famous entertainment so long ago, and who so long before our fathers were born was known as "the lovely and accomplished Priscilla Horton."

Only a few weeks before he died I met Mr. Corney Grain at a dinner, the entertainment being given only on alternate nights. He was complaining laughingly of overwork when his brother (a barrister, as Mr. Corney Grain used to be), said across the table: "You oughtn't to complain, my dear fellow. Work evidently doesn't hurt you. You look as though you wouldn't know how to die." I had a little talk with him after dinner. He told me that he nearly always composed everything for himself, and many of the things which had made the greatest "hits" had first been thought out during railway journeys. "I got in the habit of thinking that what I wrote when I was traveling would turn out well and used to think it lucky to work then."

"Which do you prefer," I asked him, "giving your songs and piano illustrations before an audience at the theater or during somebody's 'evening' at a 'smart' private house?"

"Oh, if there is anything I dread and hate in the world, it is singing and trying to entertain a lot of 'smart' people in a drawing room. Charles Mathews once said that the stalls represented a sort of icy river separating an actor from his real audience. Now, 'smart' people, though individually they may be all that is warm hearted, intelligent and delightful, collectively they are ice—nothing but ice. They are too self conscious in each other's society to display the faintest hint of enthusiasm, and so by their deadly impassivity they dull the poor entertainer's magnetism. He has no 'vital spark' to give out after the first half hour or so. And the 'smart' people haven't got their money's worth!"

Although Corney Grain called himself a "poor entertainer," he was in reality of good family and welcomed everywhere in the best houses, not as an entertainer, for what he could do, but for what he was, and in his private capacity. Strangers who knew nothing of his family could hardly be induced to believe that Corney Grain was not a nom de theatre, but was in reality his own given name. So it was, however, for he had been christened "Corney" from the maiden name of his paternal grandmother, who, I believe, brought some money to the exchequer of the Grains.

"If you dislike singing in drawing rooms," I said, "at least you have taken revenge over and over again upon society in your illustrations."

"Yes; I chaff it a little in its strongholds," he laughed, "but it doesn't matter to the people I'm satirizing to their faces—I wouldn't do it only behind their backs, you know. There I sit, banging the piano and saying the rudest things I know how by way of amusing or offending them. But they are talking away at the time, asking each other who's married and who's dead and telling each other all about the latest scandal. They don't know what I've been saying or singing, not a bit of it, though when I've done they all smile and applaud and remark that really I am very clever."

"Not only, though, do you chaff Mayfair," I said, "but I've heard you at St. George's hall scoffing at middle class affectations and Puritanism and all sorts of things."

"Well, I dislike humbug in all forms," he replied, "and perhaps the best way of showing it up is to make people laugh at it. At any rate, that is the only way I can make a step toward reform, and I fear, after all, I am but a sham cynic, and my friends have found me out."—Boston Transcript.

True Sympathy.

The railway world witnesses daily so many piteous partings that weeping travelers seldom attract official notice, but Mr. G. A. Sala records an exceptional instance. It was at the time of our civil war, and he was about departing for America, as correspondent of a great London daily.

"My wife was bitterly opposed to my going to America at all, and the idea of my traveling in a country convulsed by war so preyed upon her mind that she became positively ill. Still she insisted on coming to the railway terminus with me, and a party of friends were on the platform to give us a parting cheer.

"It was a desperate moment. I had parted from all that was dear to me, and had flung myself in a very limp and boneless manner in a corner of the carriage of the mail. I glared feebly at the burly, bearded guard who thrust his head into the window. He leaned toward me, and in a voice hoarse with sympathy whispered:

"'Excuse me, sir, but you have another three-quarters of a minute before the train starts, and you can get out and give the lady another hug.'"

Fate of the Twelve Disciples.

Andrew was probably crucified at Patræ, in Achaia; Bartholomew, said to have been flayed alive and crucified, with head down, in Armenia; James, brother of John, Herod killed him with his sword; James, son of Alpheus, thrown from the temple and stoned to death; John, time of death a conjecture; Judas, said to have hanged himself in a very bungling manner; Jude, said to have died naturally and also claimed to have been martyred; Matthew, claimed as a martyr, but probably died a natural death; Peter, crucified at Rome; Philip, said to have been tortured to death in Greece; Simon (Canaanite), crucified in Judæa in the reign of Domitian; Thomas, probably put to death with a lance in Persia or India.—New York Dispatch.

HYPNOTIC SINGING.

The Most Disputed Incident of "Trilby" Supported by Fact.

Among the many items apropos of Du Maurier's masterpiece not the least interesting is the closeness with which he stuck to the facts. One's first impression upon reading how Svengali taught Trilby to sing—how he hypnotized her and commanded her to imitate the sounds he made on his flexible flageolet—was no doubt that this at least was a flight of poetic license. It seems, however, to be well within the possibilities.

A case which in all essentials covers it was reported as long ago as 1850 by James Braid, the first of the successors of Mesmer to approach the hypnotic sleep from the side of science rather than of charlatanism. After speaking of the heightened sense of hearing under mesmerism and of the increase of muscular precision, they make, he says, "feats of phonic imitation" possible which are truly astonishing.

"Many patients will thus repeat accurately what is spoken in any language, and they may be also able to sing correctly and simultaneously both words and music of songs in any language which they had never heard before—i. e., they catch the words as well as music so instantaneously as to accompany the other singer as if both had been previously equally familiar with both words and music.

"In this manner a patient of mine who, when awake, knew not the grammar of even her own language, and who had very little knowledge of music, was enabled to follow Mlle. Jenny Lind correctly in songs in different languages, giving both words and music so correctly and so simultaneously with Jenny Lind that two parties in the room could not for some time imagine that there were two voices, so perfectly did they accord, both in musical tone and vocal pronunciation of Swiss, German and Italian songs. She was equally successful in accompanying Mlle. Lind in one of her extemporaneous effusions, which was long and extremely difficult, an elaborate chromatic exercise, which the celebrated cantatrice tried by way of taxing the powers of the somnambulist to the utmost. When awake, the girl durst not even attempt to do anything of the sort, and, after all, wonderful as it was, it was only phonic imitation, for she did not understand the meaning of a single word of the foreign language which she uttered so correctly."

This is exactly Trilby's case, only more so, except that there is nothing to indicate in the report that "the patient" remembered Jenny Lind's songs and could reproduce them, but the formation of a trance state memory is a sufficiently frequent phenomenon. The quotation is from Braid's "Observations on Trance," page 43.—New York Post.

Grecian Enterprise.

It is the way of travelers to complain of the food they are obliged to eat in foreign countries. Whether it is an American in Europe or a European in America, the result is much the same. We like the things to which we are accustomed. When Edmond About was in Greece, he carried matters so far as to object to eating green peaches. He was in the bazaar at Athens.

"Wouldn't it be possible to get some ripe peaches?" he asked the vender.

"I think not," answered the Athenian.

"But pray tell me why?"

"We have no good roads. If the farmers should try to bring ripe fruit to market on muleback, it would arrive in the shape of marmalade."

"But at Corfu also the peaches were green, and there they have good roads and bring the fruit to town in wagons."

"Ah, well," said the man, "there is another reason. The farmers have no money, and they have creditors. They can't wait for fruit to get ripe."

There, says About, you have a fair example of the state of Grecian agriculture.

A French gardener, being at Smyrna, noticed that the Greeks had almost no vegetables in their gardens—tomatoes everywhere and scarcely anything else.

"Why don't you raise other things?" he asked. "Asparagus, now. Your soil is just right. You would make a fine thing of it. I will furnish you with seeds."

"How soon should we get crops?"

"In four years at the longest."

"Four years! Are you crazy? Do you suppose we would spend money to get something back in four years? We should be bankrupt 20 times over."—Youth's Companion.

Trollope and Whist.

Trollope was attracted, in the first instance, by the genial society, but continued to resort there from pure love of the game itself, and, though, as he tells us, he often felt inclined "to swear off," like Rip Van Winkle, the habit grew too strong for him, and, after all, he is disposed to agree with Talleyrand that, when one has turned 60, life without cards is but a triste vieillesse.

Trollope, as might be supposed, was by no means an ideal whist player. His eager and almost boisterous temperament was hardly suited to a game that requires the utmost self possession and coolness from its votaries. But his play was steady and consistent. He utilized his strong suit and was sound on the subject of trumps, and au reste he was as thorough paced a partner and as implacable an opponent as the great Sarah Battle herself.—Blackwood's Magazine.

An Appreciative Welshman.

London Truth has the following: "The following tasty inscription is from a family mausoleum erected by a Welsh landowner and magistrate in Merionethshire. To expend turf winnings on erecting a tomb looks, at first sight, eccentric, but possibly the builder was moved by the reflection that betting has brought many to their graves:

As to my latter end I go
To seek my jubilee
I bless the good horse Bendigo,
That built this tomb for me."

The Story of Bresca.

The little town of Bordighera, in Italy, has furnished the Easter palms at Rome since the year 1856. How the grant was obtained by Bresca, the brave old sea captain, is a curious story. Standing with the crowd in the open plaza before the cathedral of St. Peter's, he was gazing with breathless interest at the workmen engaged in erecting the Egyptian obelisk. So momentous and difficult a task was this regarded that Pope Sixtus V forbade any one to utter a loud word during the operation on pain of death.

All went well until the massive stone column reached a certain angle, when, to the horror of the multitude and the despair of the engineer, it ceased to move. Various expedients were resorted to, without avail, and all seemed lost, when suddenly a voice broke the silence, crying:

"Aiga. Dai de l'aiga as corde!" ("Water. Give water to the ropes!")

This suggestion, which came from the old sailor, was quickly acted upon. The obelisk slowly righted itself and was successfully raised to the position it now occupies.

When the trembling Bresca was brought a prisoner before the pope for punishment, the latter not only pardoned the offense, but offered to grant him any reasonable request. The unselfish soul of the man showed itself when, instead of petitioning for some personal preferment, he begged that the right of furnishing the palms for Easter should be bestowed upon his family and the villagers of Bordighera, his birthplace. The request was granted and is respected to this day.—Our Dumb Animals.

Do We Ever Really Forget Anything?

The brain of mankind has been defined as a kind of phonographic cylinder, which retains impressions made upon it through the medium of the senses, particularly through the eyes and ears. If this be true, memory must depend for its intensity or retentive qualities upon the degree of observation with which the record is made. Nor is this all. If memory's record is kept in the shape of indentations upon the folds of brain matter, are they ever entirely effaced? In other words, do we ever really forget anything? May it not be that in the inner depths of the brain memory has stored up recollections of things which are never again purposely turned to, perhaps, but which instantly spring into being and flash through the mind whenever we hear or see something which recalls them?

There are several well known mental phenomena which strengthen this theory. We know that memory often brightens during the last moments of life, and there are cases on record where Germans, French, Spaniards and others who, upon falling sick in this country scores of years after having entirely forgotten their native languages, recovered and used them upon their deathbeds. There is a theory that in all such cases the brain folds have relaxed, just as do the muscles and cords of the limbs and body, and that by so doing they expose to the mind's monitor indentations (recollections) which were long since folded up and put away as material that could not be of any particular use. Think of these things.—St. Louis Republic.

Wood Engraving.

No doubt there are few outside Germany who can engrave a head as finely as Klinkicht can in his own style, but as a general rule German engraving is far more precise, more mechanical, more according to formula, than that of either France or America. There is often great skill and sometimes considerable artistic feeling in German wood engraving, but, as a rule, it does not compare with the highest French work. Yet its condition is not unsatisfactory. Thanks chiefly to the great engraving "studios" or factories, which flourish upon the low prices at which copyright for wood engraving may be obtained from dealers and artists, the illustrated magazines and newspapers, not only of Germany, but of other countries, too, are kept supplied with excellently cut blocks, "at moderate prices, and with regularity and dispatch."

But the craftsman is rarely an artist, and when he is he is rather an artist in intelligence than an artist in feeling. He reveals the scientific and philosophic far more than the artistic side of the national temperament, and for that very reason no doubt his work is accepted without much question, and his existence is assured.—National Review.

The Unselfish Cricketer.

The cricket ground is a wholesome training field for young Englishmen. "It has cost me, one way or another, a fiver to play in this match. I have traveled 200 miles, and now I can say that I have played on a side which made 536 runs, and if I had staid away they would only have made 535."

So said a very good cricketer at the end of a two days' match, in the course of which he had received three balls only, but he said it without a semblance of grumbling in his voice. Being a cricketer, he had learned to lose sight of his personal failure in thinking of the success of his side, and we hope and believe that he felt that he would rather win a match wherein he made one run than score a century for a losing side.

Only on rare occasions do we meet a downright selfish cricketer, and then we instinctively feel that a man of his stamp would have done better had he confined his attention to the golf course, and that he is for some reason naturally incapable of taking advantage of the countless opportunities that cricket has afforded him of conquering a selfish and ill regulated disposition.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Rather Too Long.

A peasant went with his wife to the theater. At the conclusion of the first act he said to his better half: "Come along, old woman, let's go home. The second act doesn't begin till five years later."—Lokal Anzeiger.

CALIFORNIA IN 3½ DAYS FROM CHICAGO.

Variable Route

Tourist tickets allowing privileges never before accorded, can be obtained with full information, upon application at City Ticket Office,

208 CLARK ST. CHICAGO.

All meals served in Dining Cars.

Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleepers are run through to San Francisco without change, leaving Chicago daily via the

North-Western Line

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 3627 Jackson av, Hyde Park.

State Vice-President, Ed J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1240 Gaty av, East St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, Lawrence Henely, 3146 Groveland av.

County Vice-President, W. J. Dougherty.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, P. Holden.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Finegan.

The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at 83 E. Madison-st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—M. J. Maloney, Pres, Room 208, 120 Randolph-st; T A Becket, V-P; Michael Tuohy, Rec Sec, 1421 Jackson st; Wm Terrill, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; M Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—J J Cullinan, Pres, 2334 Sullivan court; James Perkins, V-P; John Lavelle, Rec Sec, 634 Elston av; James Shannon, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas. Meet at cor North av and Holt st, 2d Monday and 4th Sunday at 2:30 p m.

Div 4—Michael Blake, Pres, 700 31st st; Peter F Radigan, V P; James McGuire, Rec Sec, 2960 Union av; Daniel Collins, Fin Sec; William McAvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, cor Canalport av and Union st.

Div 5—P F Golden, Pres, 161 W Harrison st; James J Brennan, V-P; Thos E Collins, R S, 343 W Indiana st; Daniel Cullinane, F S; O'Connor Lynch, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4467 Princeton av; M G Butler, V-P; H B Ryan, Rec Sec, 2873 State st; James F Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Foley hall, 712 W Forty-third st, 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; Patk Behan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 2763 Hickory st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 92 N Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 4020 Dyer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 456 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Ancnor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2901 Archer av; T J Maney, V P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2901 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday, in K of P hall, 3001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry T Boyle, Pres, 2958 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 296 30th st; Patrick J Linge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State-sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 343 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V-P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 5530 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5812 Justine st; P McMahon, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 4644 Laflin st; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; John McGinty, Treas. Meets 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 5232 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2259 W Fulton st; Wm O'Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4625 Dyer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 420 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 28th place and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1133 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4516 Dyer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 28—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4636 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 51st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 338, Pullman; E J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 129, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres, 10610 Calhoun av; P C Hartnett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, 10610 Hoxie av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heelin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill, 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 339 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O'Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 3627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, V-P; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 3437 Lake av; Bartley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 5539 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 3d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

Pres't, J H Carmody, 20 Vernon Park place; V-P, D J Solon; Rec Sec, J P Harding, 363 S Morgan st; Fin Sec, M J Ryan; Treas, P O'Beirne; Knight Commander, Joan Dadie; V-Kt Comdr, T J Ryan; Sergt-at-Arms, P Morris. Meet first Thursday of each month, 8 p m, in Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. P J Kennedy, President, 347 Loomis-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; William S Dillon, 2d V-P; J J Barry, Secretary, 12 Plum-st; Ed Dunphey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treasurer. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month 1st 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—

Edward Hayes, Pres., 436 W. Ohio-st.; James E. Gubbins, 1st V-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 689 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George B Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 93 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J B Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 523 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 203 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 287 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 183 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Bewson, Rec Sec, 35 Fifth av; W J Eiler, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 229 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 37 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3550 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Qualey's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 338 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 338 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 108 W 45th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 423 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 681 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1068 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2301 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9233 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4739 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 183 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 108 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 773 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 138 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Enlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 976 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 455 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Linke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Klinge; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 La Salle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3729 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cleaver court; R S, James D Kendrick, 122 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Buhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2901 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, Jr, 103 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 209 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesday in school hall.

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 332 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for..........$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered..........$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered..........$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for..........$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for..........$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only..........$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved)..........$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved)..........$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting..........$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face..........$10.00

"THE LIMITED."

14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—No. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."

LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — No. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER No. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only..........$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER No. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail..........$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER No. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for..........$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

Young, Makeel & Bradley, Attorneys.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the June Term A. D. 1895. Bernard Curtis vs. Thomas P. Keefe, Marguerite M. Keefe, Timothy Dyer, Catherine E. Dyer, John E. Dooley William Burke, Mary L. Burke, John M. Chadwick, Elizabeth L. Chadwick, George Adams, Elizabeth Adams, John C. Burke, Margaret Burke, Frank B. Chadwick, Lena C. Chadwick, George S. Foster, Nellie Foster, Stock Growers' National Bank of Cheyenne, Laramie Co., Wyoming, Central City Bank of Central City, Nebraska, Charles F. Fisher, First National Bank of Monroe, Wis., Arabut Ludlow, Caroline C. Ludlow, Anna Nielsen, William Gibson, trustee, Ira J. McGee, successor in trust, W. S. Struthers, The Omaha Merchandise Company, of Omaha, Nebraska, Thomas J. Rice, Jennie F. Rice, Perry Hersey, Mrs. Hersey, wife of Perry Hersey, George A. Chadwick, Henry Rieke, trustee, Henry W. Bishop, successor in trust, Patrick H. Rice, Mary J. Rice, Jay M. Chadwick, Clara L. Chadwick, W. W. Chadwick, Clara B. Miller, Thomas Harris, Sally P. Fisher, Martha M. Fisher, Ferdinand Spies, Ernest B. Kendall, Leila May Kendall, John A. O'Keefe, Richard C. Cushing, Henry S. Shedd, trustee, S. Leonard Boyce, successor in trust, Midland Building and Loan Association of Cook County, Illinois, George Foster, mortgagee, Newton G. Vosler, Florence Vosler, Andreas Mittelstrasser, Peter McGeoch, Richard Carter, Dime Savings Bank, Bank of Montreal, John Benzett, Unknown owner of notes secured by mortgage from John M. Chadwick and his wife to Central City Bank, of Central City, Nebraska, dated July 3rd, 1893, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 1,898,880, in book 4,300, at page 557, conveying lots 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18, in block 11; lots 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 45, 46, 47 and 48, in block 7; and lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, in block 10, of Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision in the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13 E. of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of notes secured by trust deed from Anna Nielsen to William Gibson, dated February 17, 1894, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 2,023,665, in book 4,138, at page 463, conveying lots 7 and 8, in block 9, in Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision, in the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13 E. of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of notes secured by mortgage from John A. O'Keefe to Richard C. Cushing, dated December 16th, 1893, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 2,014,170, in book 4,918, at page 113, conveying lots 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14, in block 1; lots 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47 and 48, in block 12; and lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47 and 48, in block 14, in Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision in the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13 E., of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of note secured by trust deed from Emma Moir to Henry S. Shedd, dated May 19th, 1893, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 1,873,816, in book 4,354, at page 6, conveying lot 5, in block 19, in Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision in the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13 E. of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of note secured by mortgage from Calvin C. Brown to George Foster, dated July 17, 1893, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 1,902,666, in book 4,341, at page 166, conveying lot 3, in block 23, in Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision in the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13 E. of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to John E. Dooley, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Charles F. Fisher, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Anna Nielsen, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to W. S. Struthers, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to George A. Chadwick, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Jay M. Chadwick, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to John Benzett, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Clara L. Chadwick, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to W. W. Chadwick, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Clara B. Miller, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Thomas Harris, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Sally P. Fisher, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Martha M. Fisher, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to John A. O'Keefe. In Chancery. No. 141,824.

Notice is hereby given to the said Thomas P. Keefe, Marguerite M. Keefe, Timothy Dyer, Catherine E. Dyer, John E. Dooley, William Burke, Mary L. Burke, John M. Chadwick, Elizabeth L. Chadwick, Frank B. Chadwick, Lena C. Chadwick, Stock Growers' National Bank of Cheyenne, Laramie Co., Wyoming, Central City Bank of Central City, Nebraska, Charles F. Fisher, First National Bank of Monroe, Wis., Arabut Ludlow, Caroline C. Ludlow, Anna Nielsen, W. S. Struthers, The Omaha Merchandise Company, of Omaha, Nebraska, George A. Chadwick, Jay M. Chadwick, Clara L. Chadwick, W. W. Chadwick, Clara B. Miller, Thomas Harris, Sally P. Fisher, Martha M. Fisher, John A. O'Keefe, Richard C. Cushing, Newton G. Vosler, Florence Vosler, Andreas Mittelstrasser, Peter McGeoch, Richard Carter, John Benzett, Unknown owner of notes secured by mortgage from John M. Chadwick and his wife to Central City Bank, of Central City, Nebraska, dated July 3rd, 1893, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 1,898,880, in book 4,300, at page 557, conveying lots 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18, in block 11; lots 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 45, 46, 47 and 48, in block 7; and lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, in block 10, of Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision in the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13 E. of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of notes secured by trust deed from Anna Nielsen to William Gibson, dated February 17th, 1894, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 2,023,665, in book 4,138, at page 463, conveying lots 7 and 8, in block 9, in Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision, in the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13 E. of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of notes secured by mortgage from John A. O'Keefe to Richard C. Cushing, dated December 16th, 1893, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 2,014,170, in book 4,918, at page 113, conveying lots 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14, in block 1; lots 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47 and 48, in block 12; and lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47 and 48, in block 14, in Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision in the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of note secured by trust deed from Emma Moir to Henry S. Shedd, dated May 19th, 1893, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 1,873,816, in book 4,354, at page 6, conveying lot 5, in block 19, in Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision in the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of note secured by mortgage from Calvin C. Brown to George Foster, dated July 17th, 1893, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 1,902,666, in book 4,341, at page 166, conveying lot 3, in block 23, in Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision in the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of the 3rd P. M., to John E. Dooley, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Charles F. Fisher, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Anna Nielsen, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to W. S. Struthers, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to George A. Chadwick, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Jay M. Chadwick, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to John Benzett, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Clara L. Chadwick, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to W. W. Chadwick, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Clara B. Miller, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Thomas Harris, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Sally P. Fisher, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Martha M. Fisher, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to John A. O'Keefe, that the above named Complainant heretofore filed his Bill of Complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the Third Monday of June A. D. 1895, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.

YOUNG, MAKEEL & BRADLEY, Complainant's Solicitors.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN

John Naghten & Co,

INSURANCE.

A Specialty made of Insuring Churches, Church Property, Academies School Houses and Dwellings, at Reasonable Rates.

181 LaSalle-st, Chicago

Telephone 383.

READ

"THE CITIZEN"

Published and Edited by

JOHN F. FINERTY.

A Weekly Journal devoted to American, Irish and General News and Comment, and to History, Literature and Politics, Native and Foreign.

Best Weekly Advertising Medium in the Northwest.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Club rates, individually, $2 per year. Single subscriptions, $2.50 per year, Payable in Advance.

OFFICES, 69 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

FRANCIS J. NORTON,

ARCHITECT.

Masonic Temple.

Suites 1410-28. Chicago, Ill.

KEELEY

Brewing Co.

MALTSTERS

AND

Lager Beer Brewers,

TWENTY EIGHTH ST. & COTTAGE GROVE AV.

CHICAGO ILL.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY.

ESTATE OF RICHARD COTHROLL, Deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Richard Cothroll, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1895, being the 22nd day thereof.

Dated Chicago, April 18, 1895.

MARY COTHROLL, Administratrix.

James O'Connell Attorney for Administratrix.

J. M. GRENNAN & CO.,

Wholesale Cigars.

Sole Proprietors of

LA CARINA,

Sheridan Club and Columbus Club Cigars.

122 & 124 WABASH AVENUE,

CHICAGO.

MONON & CH&D

BEST LINE

—TO—

Indianapolis,

Cincinnati,

AND THE South.

CITY TICKET OFFICE,

232 Clark St., - Chicago.

THE MONON... BEST ROUTE BETWEEN Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville AND THE SOUTH.

Only line to FRENCH LICK and WEST BADEN SPRINGS... "The Carlsbad" of America. Hotels open the year round.



City Ticket Office, 232 Clark St., Chicago.

W. H. McDOEL, Vice-Pres. and General Manager.

FRANK J. REED, General Pass. Agent.

CLEAR COAL & MINING CO.

The Clear Coal & Mining Company are furnishing Clear Lump Coal F. O. B. cars in Chicago at $1.60 per ton. It is equal to Indiana Block for steam use; it makes no clinkers and very little smoke, and just the coal for manufacturers. Correspondence solicited. Satisfaction and Rock Bottom prices guaranteed.

CLEAR COAL & MINING CO.,

Room 66, 159 LaSalle St. PHONE MAIN 3262.

M. E. CLEAR, President.

McAVOY

BREWING COMPANY

2349 South Park Avenue.

PURE LAGER BEER. FINE BOTTLED EXPORT.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.

ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice-President.

H. T. BELLAMY, Secretary and Treasurer.

Telephone South 257.

P. H. Heffron.

RICHELIEU WINE CO.

(INCORPORATED)

WHISKIES IN BOND OR TAX PAID

IMPORTED WINES & LIQUORS

24 VAN BUREN ST. Chicago, Ill.

5 DAYS 16 HOURS 31 MIN.

WHEN GOING TO EUROPE, Or Sending for Your Friends,

BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS OF THE FAMOUS

White Star Line

The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.



The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC, 582 Feet. 10,000 Tons. 5 days, 18 hours, 8 min.

TEUTONIC, 10,000 Tons. 582 Feet. 5 days, 16 hours, 31 min.

BRITANNIC, 7 days, 6 hours, 58 min.

GERMANIC, 7 days, 7 hours, 37 min.

ADRIATIC.

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavian and Finnish ports.

Passengers are also booked to principal points in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.

For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, G'l Ag't, 29 Broadway, N. Y.

N. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,

54 SOUTH CLARK STREET CHICAGO.

UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.

5 14 24

AMERICAN LINE

UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS.

THE ONLY TRANSATLANTIC LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.



New York — Southampton — London

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The shortest and most convenient route to London. *No transfer by tender—No tidal delays.* Passengers land at Empress Dock, avoiding inconvenience and exposure of transfer by tender.

Philadelphia — Queenstown — Liverpool

EVERY SATURDAY.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German and Scandinavian Ports.

Local Agents in all the principal towns in the United States.

Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY,

32 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.

FRANCIS C. BROWN, West. Gen. Pass. Ag't.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4383.

PABST

BREWING COMPANY'S

BOTTLED BEER.

Put up in Quart and Pint Bottles for Family Use.

CHICAGO MAIN OFFICE.

CORNER INDIANA and DESPLAINES STREETS

HERMAN PABST, Manager.

Sold Everywhere. Try It.

AGENTS Wanted. Salary Paid.

CONRAD SEIPP

Brewing

Company,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Telephone 8350.

BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER PILSENER BEER.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ

Brewing

Company,

MILWAUKEE.

Represented by

Edward G. Uihlein,

Corner Erie and Union Sts. Chicago.